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Chronicle

The War.—The center of interest has shifted this week from the western front, where neither side has won any substantial gains, to the Gulf of Riga. The capture of Riga by the Germans some weeks ago could not be utilized by them until they were masters of its approaches by sea. These are now in their hands. The movement against them, whose initial stages were recorded in last week's chronicle, has continued with practically unbroken success except on Dagö Island, where the Russians are still offering some resistance. Under cover of the superior guns of the German fleet the troops already landed on Oesel Island took the capital, Arensburg, obtained control of the Svorb peninsula, and by extremely rapid work in cutting off communication with the mainland forced the surrender of the Russian garrisons, the Germans claiming in all their operations about 13,000 prisoners. The occupation of Oesel is now complete. The next step was the seizure of Moon Island, which was effected with the same dispatch. The Russian garrison, smaller here than on Oesel Island, was also taken prisoner. The entire entrance to the Gulf is thus in German hands. The Russian ships, at first reported to be trapped between Moon Sound to the north and Irbe Channel to the south, are said now to have escaped into the Gulf of Finland. The German fleet is variously reported as numbering from sixty to eighty units, among them ten dreadnoughts.

It is reported that the Russians, fearing that Petrograd is to be the next point of attack, are preparing to move the Government to Moscow. The Russian naval base at Reval, about a hundred miles up the coast of the Gulf of Finland from Oesel Island, has been evacuated, apparently without any direct pressure from the foe. Reval is the first of the fortresses which a hostile fleet entering the Gulf of Finland would encounter. Beyond it there are Viborg, Helsingfors and Kronstadt, the latter the key to Petrograd. The distance from the islands at the head of the Gulf of Riga to Petrograd is about 300 miles.

On October 19 Mr. Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, authorized the official announcement of the sinking of

the American transport Antilles. The news of the sinking was contained in a dispatch from Vice-Admiral Sims, which stated that the steamship Antilles, an army transport, was torpedoed on October 17 while returning to this country from foreign service. The Antilles was under convoy of American patrol vessels at the time. The torpedo which struck the Antilles was not seen, nor was the vessel which fired it. The torpedo hit abreast of the engine room bulkhead, and the ship sank within five minutes. One hundred and sixty-seven persons out of about 237 on board the transport were saved, about seventy men being lost. This disaster, the first of its kind that has occurred since the American Government began the task of transporting its army to France, marks our heaviest loss in submarine warfare since the destruction of the Lusitania.

On October 20 an official bulletin from the British Admiralty announced that two fast and heavily armed German raiders attacked a convoy in the North Sea, about midway between the Shetland Islands and the Norwegian coast, October 17. Two British destroyers were sunk after a short engagement. The raiders subsequently sank by gunfire five Norwegian, one Danish and three Swedish vessels, all unarmed, and returned safely to their base.

The President has designated Sunday, October 28, as a day of prayer "on which our people should be called upon to offer concerted prayer to Almighty God for His Divine aid in the success of our arms." The proclamation is as follows:

Whereas, The Congress of the United States, by a concurrent resolution adopted on the fourth day of the present month of October, in view of the entrance of our nation into the vast and awful war which now afflicts the greater part of the world, has requested me to set apart, by official proclamation, a day on which our people should be called upon to offer concerted prayer to Almighty God for His Divine aid in the success of our arms, and

Whereas, it behooves a great free people, nurtured as we have been in the eternal principles of justice and of right, a nation which has sought from the earliest days of its existence to be obedient to the Divine teachings which have inspired it in the

exercise of its liberties, to turn always to the Supreme Master and cast themselves in faith at His feet, praying for His aid and succor in every hour of trial, to the end that the great aims to which our fathers dedicated our power as a people may not perish among men, but be always asserted and defended with fresh ardor and devotion and, through the Divine blessings, set at last upon enduring foundations for the benefit of all the free peoples of the earth. -

Now, therefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, gladly responding to the wish expressed by the Congress, do appoint October 28, being the last Sunday of the present month, as a day of supplication and prayer for all the people of the nation, earnestly exhorting all my countrymen to observe the appointed day according to their several faiths, in solemn prayer that God's blessing may rest upon the high task which is laid upon us, to the end that the cause for which we give our lives and treasure may triumph and our efforts be blessed with high achievements.

The proclamation honors both the President and the people of the United States.

France.—In France as elsewhere the enemies of the Papacy have tried to make capital out of the Pope's peace note. With a view to discrediting the Holy

*Cardinal Andrieu's
Letter*

Father, they have characterized his action in addressing the belligerents as an unwarranted assumption of authority and as a claim to a right not possessed by him. The Archbishop of Bordeaux, Cardinal Andrieu, has answered this charge in a letter recently communicated to his diocese, in which he shows that the Pope never assumed the role of judge or arbitrator, but acted solely from the desire of so far conciliating the belligerents as to pave the way for peace discussions, without however contemplating an immediate cessation of hostilities. He points out that the Holy Father was well within his rights in lifting his voice on a moral problem, the solution of which must depend on the eternal law of which he is the interpreter and the guardian. Not only was the Pope justified in pleading for peace, he maintains, but he was under an obligation, as the father of all Christians, to remind the world that further appeal to armed force, with its disastrous consequences to the human race, is illicit, if the restoration of violated right can be compassed by other means. As for his silence with regard to the crimes committed by certain of the belligerents, the Cardinal points out that the Pope is the father of the entire Christian family, and, as such, might well have paternal motives for reticence. The Cardinal ends his pastoral by enlarging on the duties of his Catholic subjects:

The Sovereign Pontiff places his efforts, which have for their single source of inspiration the dictates of his conscience, under the auspices of the Divine Redeemer, the Prince of Peace, and he again recommends to us prayer and penance. It is this counsel of the Papal note which it is most important to bear in mind. Nor should we be content to have recourse to prayer and reparation on our own account alone. Judith delivered the city of Bethulia after the people and its leaders had implored the Divine mercy by prayer and penance. Esther suggested the same means to her people and obtained the revocation of the sentence of death to which they had been condemned at Susa and

throughout the Empire. Let us endeavor to obtain by our supplications and our expiation that France, instead of declaring herself opposed to religion, may fall on her knees and strike her breast and say with Saul on the road to Damascus: "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?"

The Cardinal closes his exhortation with the hope that the Sacred Heart of Jesus which from the beginning of the war has miraculously saved France, may be waiting only for this act of repentance and love to make her triumph over her own heresy and infidelity and then to send her to the extremities of the earth to preach, "not the man-made god of rationalism, but the God-made man of Christianity."

La Croix announces that the Knights of Columbus have established headquarters in Paris, and that within a short time a series of clubrooms with facilities for

*Knights of
Columbus*

reading, writing, recreation and religious services for the use of Catholic soldiers and sailors will be organized throughout the American camps in France. Both the material and moral well-being of their coreligionists are to be provided for. The magnitude of the work may be estimated from the fact that Catholics, according to *La Croix*, form forty per cent of the American armies and sixty per cent of the navy. Bureaus of information and hotels are to be provided, arrangements are to be made for the welcome of Catholics into Catholic families, and convalescent homes are to be maintained in the vicinity of Lourdes and elsewhere. *La Croix* calls attention to the fact that over and beyond the chaplains, commissioned by the Government at Washington, the Knights intend to maintain at their own expense other chaplains who will provide the soldiers with the opportunity to hear religious instruction, and attend the Holy Sacrifice. The article pays a high tribute to the zeal of the Knights and recommends to the French Government that it has an object lesson of prudence and broadmindedness in the official sanction given to their labors by the American Government.

Premier Painlevé made known to the French Cabinet on October 15 the results of official inquiries made into the alleged disclosures of military and diplomatic secrets to Germany with which M. Louis J. Malvy was recently charged by Léon Daudet. The Premier announced that all the accusations were found to be without foundation.

Ireland.—According to the *Irish Weekly Independent*, a well-known Protestant bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Gregg, speaking at the annual synod of Ferns, in referring

*The Convention:
Two Views*

to the Irish Convention, said that all Irishmen of good-will could not but hope that some settlement based on adequate securities would be arrived at. "Whatever might be the issues great changes inevitably lay before them." It was useless to deny, the prelate stated, that if a form of government did not rest on the consent of the governed, a system abstractly sound might prove unworkable, and the Imperial Government had taken the view

that the internal discontent of Ireland contributed a more serious menace to the Empire than a dual legislature.

Dr. Gregg also stated that it was plain that the larger number of politicians were in favor of going a considerable way towards satisfying the aspirations of the majority, and many Unionists had shown latterly that they no longer considered the Union as a cardinal element of Imperial security, and accordingly, it behooved them to adjust their understandings to the fact that a change, whatever its form, was coming. He reassured the minds of those who imagined that acquiescence in the new state of things might compromise loyalty to the King. It would not. Ireland was not going to be a republic any more than it was before the Union. If duly constituted authority gave Ireland a new form of government, the true loyalty was to accept it and do everything in their power to make it a success. Loyalty to the Crown and Unionism, according to him were not necessarily equivalent terms. There was loyalty in Ireland before the Union; there was loyalty which vehemently deprecated the Union; and there could be loyalty still if the Union were legally dissolved. In the eighteenth century, the bishop reminded the members of the Synod, the Protestant Church of Ireland officially recognized Ireland as being a distinct country, and not merely a constituent part of a larger kingdom. The dissolution of the Legislative Union would not mean quitting the Empire or "losing their King." The Church of Ireland had seen Establishment by law come and go, and had seen incorporation with the Church of England go the same way. It was in a position to see the Legislative Union come and go, if such a course were legally and authoritatively settled.

The views of Dr. Gregg show in their general tendency that the spirit of conciliation is gaining ground. While anxious to meet their old opponents half-way, the Irish Nationalist press has not ceased to call attention to the nature of the government which the country requires. The *Cork Weekly Examiner* states editorially that the government of Ireland in the past has always been vacillating in its character, autocratic and despotic in the old coercion days when the Tories held sway, and brimful of good intentions, but blundering, unreliable and profuse in promises, that too often failed of accomplishment when the Liberals held office. Referring to the Convention, the *Cork* journal adds:

Both Liberals and Tories have failed in their efforts satisfactorily to govern Ireland and both should welcome, if substantial agreement be reached, the findings of an Irish Convention which knows the country's requirements, and is primarily interested in her welfare. No system of government that any Irish Convention could devise could be less in accord with Irish ideas than the system of government in force at present. That is putting the Convention's work at the lowest estimate, but it is not unreasonable to assume that justice, humanity, a broad outlook and liberal financial provisions, will form the basis of the structure that it is engaged in building up in Ireland. If any people in the world deserve justice and appeasement, the Irish people have a strong claim for both demands,

and it may be hoped that over the chaos and discontent that at present prevails in the country a wise and just system of government devised by the Convention will supervene to bring that peace and confidence which impartial justice to South as well as to North can only secure.

Every friend of Ireland of justice and fair play will reecho this last sentiment.

Italy.—The dangerous activities of the purveyors of immoral literature have been taken cognizance of by the Government. A bill aimed at the suppression of the evil has already passed the Senate and is awaiting action by the Chamber of Deputies. The Prefect of Home Affairs has ordered the Prefects of the provinces to employ the utmost rigor in enforcing existing laws, and a propaganda has been instituted to enlist the popular sympathy of the people in the cause. The Prime Minister, replying to a letter sent to the Government by Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, and by the Bishops of Lombardy, has put himself on record as heartily in accord with the policy of official action in the matter. He pledges the Government to do all that lies in its power to check the dissemination of immoral literature, which he recognizes to be one of the most powerful agencies for the corruption of the State.

Japan.—It has long been a matter of common knowledge that Japan, like the United States, has been utilizing to the fullest possible extent the commercial opportunities offered during the war by the exclusion of the Central Powers from the use of the seas, the occupation of Belgium and the crippling of the foreign trade of Great Britain and France. The actual increase in her foreign trade, however, as described in the *London Times* and the *New York Sun*, has been greater than was thought. According to the *Sun* the exports for the year 1916 were seventy per cent greater than those of the year 1914, and from present indications it would appear that the exports of the year 1917 will at least double those of the year 1914. Munitions and other supplies needed by the belligerents have formed a large proportion of the Japanese foreign trade, but Japan has not allowed her attention to be concentrated on war products to the exclusion of the commodities of peace. With a view to developing markets in which she will be able to compete effectively with European commerce, she has built up a foreign trade in the Far East, which is not only very remarkable in its development but bids fair to be maintained after the war is over.

Russia.—The situation seems to be steadily growing worse. A correspondent of the *London Times* reported on October 18 that anarchy is spreading through the Russian provinces. In Mohilev and Saratov there have been agrarian disorders, in Kharkov serious rioting, in Kursk street fighting and at Veronesh illicit dis-

Immoral Literature

Commercial Development

Further Disintegration

tilling which led to wholesale drunkenness. In Petrograd, the correspondent continued, conditions are almost as bad. The police are hunting there for 18,000 criminals. Gambling, debauchery and robbery are increasing, and traffic accidents are numerous. "In fact," he concluded, "no one seems to care about anything." The Jews of Astrakhan-Tambov and Kharkov have been attacked and plundered. The loss to property caused by agrarian disorders during the month of September exceeded 30,000,000 rubles.

Russia's Preliminary Parliament was opened on October 20 at the Marinsky Palace, Petrograd, by Premier Kerensky. In his speech he protested that "Russia

*Preliminary
Parliament*

wants peace by right, but we never will bow our heads to force," an assertion which all applauded. After his address he offered the chair to Catharine Breshkovskaya, "the grandmother of the revolution." In her speech she declared that the people should be masters of the soil they cultivate and warned the "intellectual classes" not to oppose that solution of the agrarian problem. M. Avskentieff, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Council of Peasants' Delegates, was then elected President of the Parliament, and in his address said that the Republic would not abandon the defense of the country at present, but would doubtless consider in time the promotion of a democratic peace. Leon Trotzky, President of the Central Executive Committee of the Petrograd Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, then made a violent attack on the Government, charging its bourgeois elements with causing insurrections among the peasants. He and the Maximalists then left the hall, saying they would tell the people that the revolution is in danger. The Preliminary Parliament is expected to end its sittings eight days before the opening of the Constituent Assembly. Any measure adopted by the Parliament must bear the names of thirty members in order to be effective.

The Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates have drawn up in the form of instructions to M. Skobelev, their representative at the Paris conference,

*Workmen's Peace
Program*

a peace program, consisting of these fifteen comprehensive articles:

- (1) Evacuation by the Germans of Russia, and autonomy of Poland, Lithuania, and the Lettish provinces; (2) autonomy of Turkish Armenia; (3) solution of the Alsace-Lorraine question by a plebiscite, the voting being arranged by local civil authorities after the removal of all the troops of both belligerents; (4) restoration to Belgium of her ancient frontiers and compensation for her losses from an international fund; (5) restoration of Serbia and Montenegro with similar compensation, Serbia to have access to the Adriatic, Bosnia and Herzegovina to be autonomous; (6) disputed Balkan districts to receive provisional autonomy, followed by a plebiscite; (7) Rumania to be restored her old frontiers on condition that she grant Dobrudja autonomy and grant equal rights to Jews; (8) autonomy for the Italian provinces of Austria to be followed by a plebiscite; (9) restitution of all colonies to Germany; (10) reestablishment of Greece and Persia; (11) neutralization of

all straits leading to inner seas and also the Suez and Panama Canals. Freedom of navigation for merchant ships. Abolition of the right to torpedo merchant ships in war time; (12) all belligerents to renounce war contributions or indemnities in any form, but the money spent on the maintenance of prisoners and all contributions levied during the war to be returned; (13) commercial treaties not to be based on the peace treaty; each country may act independently with respect to its commercial policy, but all countries to engage to renounce an economic blockade after the war; (14) the conditions of peace should be settled by a peace congress consisting of delegates elected by the people and confirmed by Parliament. Diplomats must engage not to conclude separate treaties, which hereby are declared contrary to the rights of the people, and consequently void; (15) gradual disarmament by land and sea, and the establishing of a non-military system.

M. Skobelev's instructions end with an admonition to remove all obstacles to the meeting of the Stockholm conference and to secure the granting of passports.

The Stevens Commission, which is studying Russia's railroad problem, has arranged with the Government to take up the transportation difficulties on the fighting front. The Commission has completed its work in Siberia and the members have gone to General Headquarters at Mohilev.

Switzerland.—The great heart of the Swiss people has not merely welcomed wounded soldiers from the various battlefields and made every effort to give them

*Interned
Soldiers*

medical attention and to facilitate their convalescence, it has also given every facility for the establishment of chapels in the various cantons. There was no difficulty about having Catholic services in Catholic French localities, as for example in Valais; the problem was to provide Catholic services in non-Catholic French localities and French services in Catholic German localities. The difficulty has been met, and practically all the districts have now the blessing of a chapel and a chaplain. Most of the funds have been provided by the *Mission Catholique Suisse*, assisted by the contributions of Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris. There are twenty-one such chapels in the Bernese Oberland, twelve in the canton of Vaud, and others in other places.

The French soldiers interned in Switzerland are of three classes: Those permanently disabled, who are allowed to return to their own country; others still under medical care, of whose recovery there are good hopes; and lastly, those already recovered or well on the road to recovery who are forcibly detained in internment camps. Opportunities are offered to these last of pursuing commercial, technical and professional studies. Everywhere the French soldiers devote themselves to the manufacture of various articles. Pierre Battifol, writing in *La Croix*, pays a high tribute to Switzerland, which he says is not merely the land of bravery but also the land of conscience, and he lays special emphasis on the solicitude of that country that French interned soldiers should be allowed the free exercise of their religion.

Catholics and the Public Schools

EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S.J.

IT is distinctly to be regretted that the public in general and Catholics in particular do not take a more active and intelligent interest in our public schools. The interest that is to be desired is not one of aloof and destructive criticism, but rather of helpful and constructive suggestion, so that the schools may realize their best opportunities and give to their pupils the most of which they are capable. This is a view that should be impressed upon influential Catholic citizens. It is true that we have and must have our own separate system of education so long as the present system of public schools remains unchanged. But the existence of Catholic schools by no means relieves us from our due share of responsibility for the public schools. As citizens we have not only the right to our due share of control of the methods, curriculum and principles of the schools, but we should use that right as conscientiously as we do any other right of citizenship.

To take the matter at its lowest level, the public schools are an extremely important part of the machinery of government, and the sums expended yearly for their maintenance, a fair proportion of which comes from taxing the Catholic population, are astonishingly large. It is said that the annual salaries of the teachers alone in our public schools in the United States amount to over \$4,000,000,000, and when the cost of the buildings, the expenses of upkeep, and the various incidental expenditures that enter into the budget are considered, the sum mounts up to a most impressive figure. Since this money is raised by public taxes, citizens should be interested in the manner of its expenditure. Now there is no question, even to the casual observer of the methods of the public schools, that some of this money is likely to be expended carelessly and ineffectively. In some cities buildings are erected with half again as many rooms as are needed for the accommodation of the pupils; fads and fancies which are as expensive as they are useless are sometimes introduced into the educational system with scarcely a protest. On this account alone regard for the welfare of the city should prompt every citizen to take an active interest in these things and to show a vigilant watchfulness over the expenditure of these vast public funds.

An even greater abuse to be noticed in our public schools is that large, commodious, and even luxurious high schools are built to be used by the children of the well-to-do, while in the wretched districts of the town, old crowded buildings are made to suffice for the little children of the poor. We should see to it, so far as in us lies, that the children of the poor have their rightful

facilities for education before luxurious buildings are provided for the children of the well-to-do. This is not Socialism, it is common-sense and ordinary justice.

But there is a vastly more important aspect of the public schools from the viewpoint of the Catholic. These schools are training the coming generation of American citizens. They are taking, by a sort of compulsion, the major part of the children of our nation and molding them irrevocably for better or worse, at the most impressionable period of their lives. Looked at from this standpoint the work of the public schools is so terrifyingly important that one may well stand aghast at the indifference shown by the public in general and by Catholics in particular, to the curriculum and method of the schools. The interests of the Church are bound up inevitably with the work of the public schools, because it is with the pupils of these schools that Catholics will have to live in the next generation. Whatever of false principle or poor training is given them will therefore react upon our Catholic people, who will of necessity be intimately associated in many ways with the graduates of these schools. We cannot stand at a distance and criticize them with a sense of comfortable superiority, reflecting on the excellent training of our own very numerous parish schools. Rubbing up with the graduates of these public schools in days to come, the graduates of our own parish schools may be hard put to it to keep the good training they have received, unless the public schools do their work as well as they may.

Another consideration is still more important. It is the bald fact that more than one half of our own Catholic children are attending the public schools. The last census indicates that there are more than 3,000,000 Catholic children of school age in this country. Something like 1,500,000 of them are in the parish schools; hence it would seem that more than one half, or more than 1,500,000 Catholic children are at the present time in the public schools. The welfare of these children touches us acutely. Whatever faults there are in the curriculum and methods will be reflected in the character and lives of more than one half of our Catholic people in the next generation. It is Catholics in particular who will have most to answer for, if they do not do their part in watching over the schools. We have as much right as anyone to control and criticize their methods and curriculum, for though we have a system of schools of our own, still we do our full part in supporting the schools of the State. Indeed, as maintainers and managers of an excellent and parallel system of schools, we may be supposed to know more

than others about school management, and as Catholics, and therefore heirs of nineteen centuries of Christian traditions in education, we have a special and solemn obligation, both religious and patriotic, of doing our part to guide and form the public educational system. With the best of intentions a great many good people outside the Church are very much at sea concerning educational principles. Their own conception of what is right and wrong is vague and shifting. They find it hard to fix a definite standard, and harder still to keep to it, and so our public educational system shows a strange tendency to experiment and alteration, while its guardians are laboriously finding out for themselves, sometimes through painful experience, methods and principles which are plain to us from the Catholic experience of many ages. We have, therefore, a duty to take an active and practical interest in the public schools. The air of nonchalance which some Catholics adopt toward the public schools is unbecoming. Whatever is wrong in such places is in some measure our own fault, and we should regard their shortcomings with contrition.

It is clear, of course, that we must use every means to get our children into Catholic schools. Until the Government adopts the principle of paying for educa-

tion wherever it finds it we shall be hard put to it to do so. It is only by immense efforts that Catholics have succeeded in providing accommodations for barely one half of the Catholic children. Still, our objective and our effort will be to teach our own children in our own schools. But this must not prevent us from taking an interest in the other schools, offering constructive criticism and suggestions, busying ourselves with their right conduct and control. Under the present circumstances a system of State schools is a necessity for the children not of our Faith. Properly managed, they may be made instruments of real enlightenment and the means of making better men and better citizens. They need our interest and our guidance, and we should regard whatever injures the curriculum of the schools as a misfortune to the Catholic body, since it hurts the Church through the nation. We should consider it a service no less to the Church than to the State to do all we can to make the public schools as good as they can be, to discourage fads and fancies, to provide a system of solid, moral and effective education, and to make the public schools as good an influence as is possible under the circumstances, for the sake of the children and for the welfare of society.

Marriage in Popular Literature

J. HARDING FISHER, S.J.

IT would be a matter for constant surprise, were it not a thing of constant recurrence, that men scrupulously honest in dealing with other things, should be so unfair in their treatment of the Church. Otherwise laboriously exact in their quest for historic and scientific accuracy, they will misrepresent the Church's doctrine and practice with the lightest of hearts; at infinite pains to consult the sources where other institutions are concerned, they will repeat, in the most careless fashion and without the least trace of hesitation, any chance statement they may happen upon, if it is merely derogatory to Catholicism.

An example in point is a passage in a best-seller, entitled "We Can't Have Everything," by Mr. Rupert Hughes, which previously appeared serially in one of our "popular" magazines. In this book the author has made a number of statements on the subject of Catholic marriage, utterly at variance with the truth. Apparently he thinks that the Church is legitimate prey; and so he repeats stock misrepresentations which have been refuted countless times, without ever troubling himself to investigate whether they have any foundation in fact. One paragraph, bewilderingly filled with inaccuracies, will serve as an illustration.

In the story one of the characters, a Mrs. Cheever, consults an iconoclastic lawyer on the subject of getting

a divorce. Nothing loth to accommodate the lady and incidentally to collect a fee, the lawyer allays his client's conscientious scruples by a discourse on marriage, in which among other things he says:

It was not until the Church was 1,164 years old that Peter Lombard put marriage among the Seven Sacraments. And marriage did not become an official matter of Church jurisdiction till the Council of Trent in 1563. Think of that! Marriage was not a sacrament for fifteen centuries, and it has been one for less than four.

It would be hard to write a paragraph, even if one set himself to the task deliberately, more crowded with travesty of fact. In the first place Peter Lombard did not put matrimony among the Seven Sacraments in 1164. He did so fourteen years earlier, in the year 1150. But his contribution to the literature of marriage was not to teach something new about it, as Mr. Hughes implies, but merely to give a more accurate theological exposition of its sacramental character. Before his time the word *sacrament* had been used in a loose sense, so as to include sacraments properly so called and other sacred rites not possessed of a strictly sacramental character. Peter Lombard in his "*Quattuor Libri Sententiarum*," which has been called the "first manual of systematic theology," formulated an exact theological definition of the word *sacrament* and then showed that seven

and only seven sacred rites could be called sacraments in the strict sense. But he was by no means the first to draw up a list of the Seven Sacraments. Hugh of St. Victor had done so before him, and St. Otto before Hugh of St. Victor. And for centuries before St. Otto the Seven Sacraments had been taught as a matter of faith throughout the Christian world, not indeed all together in a single technical treatise, but separately and as occasion required. This fact, which is undeniable, is carefully suppressed by Protestant controversialists in general and is passed over in silence by Mr. Hughes in particular.

If his remark about Peter Lombard has any significance, he means to imply from the fact that Peter Lombard put marriage among the Sacraments in the twelfth century that matrimony was first held to be a sacrament at that time. Such a conclusion is absurd. The "World Almanac" puts Washington among the Presidents of the United States in the year 1917. Would Mr. Hughes have us believe that for that reason our Government or the people of our land did not recognize Washington as a President until the current year? Why then does he make such an inference in the case of Peter Lombard? To prove his point, he should have shown that Peter Lombard was the first to hold that marriage was a sacrament. He did not dare attempt such a thing. A whole cloud of witnesses would have risen up to refute him, beginning with St. Paul. He would have had to reckon with the words of St. Ignatius written on the subject to St. Polycarp before the year 117, and with the statements of Tertullian, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, Origen, St. Epiphanius, St. Cyril of Alexandria and hosts of others. He would have found himself refuted by professions of faith used in the earliest times in the Coptic, Syrian and Armenian sects, and by the testimony of the early liturgical books of the Greek, Nestorian and Monophysite heresies. Why then does he tell us that "It was not until the Church was 1,164 years old that Peter Lombard put marriage among the Seven Sacraments"? The remark would have a certain historical interest were it accurately stated, but it in no way shows that the Church began to believe that marriage was a sacrament only with Peter Lombard.

Mr. Hughes assures his readers that "Marriage did not become an official matter of Church jurisdiction until the Council of Trent, in 1563." Even though his remark were true, which it is not, it would not follow from that fact, as he would have us believe, that marriage was not considered a sacrament for fifteen centuries. To regulate marriage externally and to hold it to be a sacrament are by no means synonymous terms. There are other ways of asserting its sacramental character besides making it an official matter of Church jurisdiction. In point of fact, its sacramental character is asserted at every age of the Church.

But what of the novelist's assertion regarding the date when marriage first became a matter of Church juris-

diction? It is absolutely without foundation. In the very decree to which he refers, the Council of Trent explicitly stated that the Church was not claiming jurisdiction over marriage for the first time.

The holy synod, therefore, following in the footsteps of the Lateran Council, held under Innocent III, directs that hereafter before marriage is contracted, public proclamation of the names of those who intend to marry, shall be made in the church at the High Mass on three successive feast days by the parish priest of the contracting parties. . . .

The words in italics, which have been inserted, refer to the Council of Lateran held in 1215, the decrees of which have been published and may easily be consulted. The particular decree, of which there is question, is a clear instance of the exercise of jurisdiction over marriage 348 years before 1563. The text follows:

Abolishing therefore particular customs obtaining in special places, we decree that when marriages are about to be celebrated, they shall be publicly proclaimed in the churches by the priests, and a definite period set during which any one who so desires and has proof to substantiate his contention, may oppose them on the ground of a legitimate impediment.

Evidently marriage was a matter of ecclesiastical jurisdiction in the year 1215. This council has been cited, because it should have come under the notice of any one who read the Council of Trent's decree on matrimony, but many other councils might be cited, centuries upon centuries older, in which there is evidence of undoubted jurisdiction over marriage; for example, the Council of Elvira held in the year 300. Some estimate may now be formed of the value of Mr. Hughes' triumphant conclusion: "Think of that! Marriage was not a sacrament for fifteen centuries, and it has been one for less than four." In the light of such a statement, he would find it difficult to explain the following decree of the Second Council of Lyons, an ecumenical council held in 1274:

The same holy Roman Church holds and teaches that there are Seven Sacraments in the Church, namely, one is Baptism . . . another is the Sacrament of Confirmation; another is Penance; another, Eucharist; another the Sacrament of Orders; another, Matrimony; another, extreme Unction. . . .

This is one of the classical passages dealing with the Sacraments, and it dates from the thirteenth century. However, Mr. Hughes tells us that marriage was not a sacrament for fifteen centuries. If this council, because held in the "Dark Ages," escaped his notice, how was it that his reading on the subject did not take him back as far as the Council of Florence, another ecumenical council, held in the year 1438. The *Decretum pro Armenis* is a commonplace with all students of theology, and embodies a very considerable portion of the dogmatic pronouncements of one of the most noteworthy gatherings of bishops ever held. Speaking of marriage, it says: "The seventh Sacrament is the Sacrament of Matrimony."

The vagaries of novelists on the subject of marriage

are not of great consequence to the Church, nor would their mental aberrations on the matter be worth considering except to point a moral, namely, that such writers should not be given credence in matters of Catholic doctrine and practice. "We Can't Have Everything" is an object lesson of the extent to which irresponsible writers will allow their imaginations to lead them. It is to be hoped that in the future Mr. Hughes will be a little more careful to verify his statements, before he commits himself to such extravagance.

"Movies" and Morals

GEORGE O'DWYER

DO the people want bare-limbed photo-plays? Is lewdness necessary to a plot? Are the sensibilities of normal people to be continually subjected to the glaring immoralities of this class of film-dramas? Is there a "public demand" for them? To judge from the film issues sent out from New York City the past year by producers whose regard for morality is generally determined by their pocket-books or their bank accounts, the above questions must be answered in the affirmative.

On the other hand, if we accept the opinion of competent observers, who are not film promoters, we are rather led to believe that the American public does not want the inutterable nudities, in which woman is dishonored in every imaginable way. The nation has not, as yet, reached the degenerate condition of ancient Rome or Sodom and Gomorrah. On close investigation, we find that the main reason for the introduction of scenes with optic suggestions of lust, in otherwise sane films, is because the producers of such films are catering to the pleasure-loving, depraved tastes of certain floating hordes in New York City, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Havana, and other cities where a large proportion of the travelers is continually gorging its sensual instincts. I suspect another reason. The psychology of suggestion, in this interjection of bare-limbed women, appeals to one who stops to analyze the methods of some Jewish producers bent not on promoting art, but on accumulating money. In the film there is a lavish show of bathing-beach, bath-room, boudoir and cabaret scenes in which gowns, bathing suits and lingerie figure prominently. And all this is an excellent advertisement for the "chic creations" of the producers' relatives on lower Broadway, New York.

When the emissaries of these producers visit the small towns and cities to sell their suggestive wares they use one distinctive New York word, "pep." These misguided salesmen declare that if a film lacks "pep" it "won't get over," to use a theatrical parlance. In plain English, the white-light definition of pep is, lewd suggestiveness. Many of the small-town managers are grievously misled by these unctuous salesmen, who try to convince everybody outside of New York that what

is good—salacious is a better word—in Gotham is good for the country. But not all managers are susceptible to this influence; they are experiencing a great awakening in this respect. Last winter a New Hampshire manager told one of these salesmen that the only way to learn the true tastes of the people for pictures was to take over a theater in a small town where the majority of the working people attend the single show-house in that locality. In a fifteen-minute talk he placed before the promotor of the salacious films more facts about the likes and dislikes of the people than the young man could have learned in New York in five years. This particular salesman went back to New York very much chastened, but then he is but one of a thousand moral harpies sent out from modern Babylon to corrupt morals, for a price.

Town and city managers throughout the country are only too apt to respond to the call of the pocket-book. Obscene pictures will be excised from the film, if they affect revenue unfavorably. Thus, films already booked are often either cut ruthlessly or not used at all. An instance in point occurs to my mind. A Salomic "dance of the seven veils" was recently introduced into a well-known "movie." According to the hair-brained morality of the producer, a Catholic priest was supposed to stand horrified for ten minutes in a low cabaret in Paris while a seductive creature gave her lewd exhibition. I know, in this case, that the operator, at the behest of the manager, cut out 125 feet of film showing this weird scene. In this is a lesson.

The promoters of the indecent film have received their main inspiration from the craze for bare-limbed dances so prevalent in private and public entertainments during the past two years. The fad for these in society circles was promoted by a few restless women, led on by an English dancer with a penchant for Grecian and bare-limbed performances. Our producers in the picture-field were quick to take advantage of this.

What is the result? After seeing such films, young girls get up parties and dances and insist that such exhibitions must be on the program. The direct result is that the morality of certain well-defined society circles suffers. The passion for low-cut shirtwaists and gowns can also be attributed to picture-films in which the women are scantily clad in order to emphasize the sensual attraction.

To counteract these effects there is a national board of censorship. But what has this board ever done to restrain producers? Local boards, however, have in certain sections done good work. One such board has had a most beneficial effect in one New England city. Its example might well be copied all over the country.

After my ten years' experience in the business, and, after a constant study of moving-picture audiences, young and old, I am convinced that the manager who deliberately displays bare-limbed and salacious films satisfies the fancies of only a negligible percentage of his

audience and loses normal-minded patrons every day he shows these films. Especially is this true among his women patrons who have children, or who have been brought up in good homes. Sensible managers of film-houses listen to the suggestions of decent folk and gov-

ern themselves accordingly. The welfare of the business depends on the attendance of normal people and their moral susceptibilities must be considered. Thus, when all has been said, the solution of the movie problem ultimately rests with the audience.

Armchair Philosophy

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

WHEN a philosopher of the impossible or the improbable wants to be really disdainful toward the philosophy of an opponent, he labels it "armchair philosophy." The epithet is more or less common. Every once in a while you hear of some philosopher pulling up his window-shades, glancing out at the bright world that flits gayly past his door and then uttering some caustic thoughts on the subject of common-sense. That is the inevitable prelude to remarks on the subject of armchair philosophy. Or it may be that he picks up in a dark bookshop, where, as a rule, they do not deign to handle any tome weighing less than two pounds, some little volume filled with hopeful optimistic reflections on the life and destiny of man; whereupon he is sure to turn up his nose, roll his short-sighted eyes to where heaven used to be located, and mutter under his breath the pet condemnation.

The condemnation contains the quintessence of contempt. To refer to a philosophy as originating in an armchair is, in the eyes of men of this type, to brand it as hopelessly puerile, out of harmony with science and its laws, and bearing to genuine philosophy the relation of home-made fudge to bread and beefsteak. For genuine philosophy must reek of the laboratory where specimens, including the experimenters, alone are welcome, or of some library from which have been excluded all the comforts of life. It must subtly suggest test-tubes and microscopes even while it may be in opposition to any information ever gained through scientific apparatus; it must be very mysterious, technically abstruse, and, by preference, startlingly at variance with common experience. Philosophy has its natural shrine in austere studies where the light of heaven is tolerated but not encouraged, or in laboratories where the perfume of chlorine is preferred to that of the rose.

And to suggest mildly that philosophy might be suited for consumption in an armchair, to the pleasant accompaniment of light gray smoke and fur-lined slippers, is to debase the queen of sciences to the level of best-sellers and magazines with pretty-girl covers.

When you come to the rub, I rather doubt whether most men would enjoy their firesides or their good cigar or their slippers very long in company with some of our most fashionable philosophers. Fancy any man really

enjoying the discovery that he actually does not see the things that he thinks he sees, but that instead he manufactures an unreal wife and "kiddies" out of his own evolving spirit. Fancy a man drawing long, satisfying puffs out of his cigar as he reads that the only positive feeling is that of pain, that "We ought to be miserable and we are so," and that the highest point of happiness is annihilation. Does it not make the gas-logs look brighter and more cheerful to learn that one has no free-will, that for a great-great-grandfather one had a chattering ape, and that one really ought to be up and fighting might and main toward the superhuman?

The one consolation about these current philosophies of gloom and contradiction is that few people are stupid enough to believe them. They are ingenious, clever bits of sophistry; but the man who attempts them from the vantage point of an armchair is more likely than not to end by knocking the ashes off his cigar, pitching the volume where the dust will be sure to find it, and going out to live his life on lines that, judged by the aforesaid standards, are most unphilosophical.

Unquestionably a large percentage of the philosophers whose writings are current today are making the egregious mistake of supposing that no truth ever came out of any room in the architectural world save a laboratory, and that any statement which can be grasped without the aid of logarithms or a series of mental acrobatics is, on the face of it, too childish to employ the cultured mind even long enough to condemn it. So the philosopher in the armchair and the reader in the armchair fall alike under their contemptuous glance. Armchairs and philosophers have no common denominator.

So let me begin with a confession. I am seated at this moment in an armchair. It is not a very handsome one, plain wood of an unclassified variety, with a leather seat which has taken an incurable sag, and an iron brace which is a concession to age and long service. In just such a chair, to complete the humiliating confession, I have studied whatever of systematic philosophy I may have acquired.

But you must not imagine that the philosophy learned in my armchair came done up in a holiday package with a red ribbon and a sprig of holly. It is the philosophy that made Aristotle's pupils gather from the ends of the

earth to fill the Lyceum. Thomas of Aquin wedded it to Christian thought and raised it to something almost sacramental. It is the philosophy that for centuries was taught wherever philosophy was worshiped, and today, after a period of exile, it has crossed once more to England with Cardinal Mercier. It is a philosophy which has eagerly taken up the best in scientific thought and discovery. It has gone farther into the essence of things than any philosophy ever synthesized by man. But above all, it is philosophy which lays its roots in an almost Divine common-sense, and which is proudly and fearlessly the champion of human nature.

As I sat in my own armchair, I have thought of the many men and many women the world over who likewise sit in armchairs. There is milady, who, when the children have been dispatched to school and the house has been set face about, sinks into her wicker basket-chair in the warm sun-parlor and reaches for a book. There is the lord and master, who, after a long day at his desk, fits his body into his favorite leather lounging-chair, and, after a long puff to assure himself that his cigar is burning properly, runs his eye over the library table for the volume he began last night. Why, after all, should there not be armchair philosophy, since so much of our life is spent in just such bless-the-man-who-invented-them comfortable pieces of furniture? Why act as if philosophy were the mind-food of an intellectual élite wearing glasses of extra thickness and afflicted with a mania for playing at jiu-jitsu with any sort of technical term? Why treat philosophy as false simply because it is simple?

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, a delightful philosopher of the armchair, has done much to reinstate in his proper dignity the man who writes all his letters before his name. To Mr. Chesterton's far-seeing mind, I'm sure, Mr. P. H. D. Brown has an intellect quite as capable of attaining truth as Mr. Brown, Ph.D. And the fact that there are so many more P. H. D. Browns than Browns, Ph.D., would make the former much more worthy of his attention.

So these papers on armchair philosophy are addressed to the ante-lettered—it is unfair to say unlettered—men and women who sit like myself in armchairs. Philosophy is, after all, an analysis of life in its ultimate causes and destiny, and these men and women are living lives of tremendous import and living them in the very midst of a riot of life. The philosophies of so many writers of the past century and a half have just this to condemn them, that they are out of touch with life. Many a philosopher holds that there is no such thing as matter in the world, largely because he does not know what it means to worry about tomorrow's supply of buns and bullion, not to mention Charlotte's new party gown and the leg Algernon dislocated in a football game. It is one thing to sit in a study, with the electric lights switched off, and concoct vast arguments to prove the theory that we have no free wills,

and quite another to set one's jaws and fight off the allurements of vice or an inherited tendency to drink, for the sake of a wife and baby at home. These philosophers have looked too long through the microscopes to see anything larger than an amoeba. They have gazed so long at the stars that our little earth slips from their range of vision. It is hard to convince some of them that anything obvious, like love and babies, bricks and beefsteaks, the fact that two and two make four and that a thing cannot be and not be at the same time, is true. A little touch of nature, applied preferably in a way to rough one up, is often a splendid antidote for philosophical speculations which are spun out of stardust and the tenuous vapors of Mars.

But men and women often sit in armchairs because they are weary with the battle we call life. They are flesh and blood and soul; not theories; their long experience has made them keen appraisers of the true and the false. Philosophical jargon they have never learned, but they can understand the language of smiles and quickly raised eyebrows, of silent lips and set jaws. They know that a philosophy which does not fit with life's necessities and which contradicts the cold, brutal facts of their experience may be as fascinating as phantoms of a heat-oppressed brain, but it offers no explanation of the riddles that underlie all life.

If, then, my armchair philosophy, which, of course, is not mine but the heritage of the great Catholic world, can do anything, it can explain the riddles at which modern philosophies vainly strain. And as such an explanation do I offer it to all who are my companions in arms.

A War Chaplain's Diary

GERALD C. TREACY, S.J., Chaplain, U.S.A.

ON South Hancock Avenue, at Gettysburg, there is a bronze statue representing a Catholic priest with hand uplifted, giving absolution. It stands on a large boulder that holds a tablet with this inscription:

To the memory of Father William Corby, C.S.C.,
Chaplain 88 Reg't, New York Infantry, Second
Brigade, First Division, Second Corps, the Irish
Brigade, July 2, 1863.

The statue commemorates a well-known incident, the general absolution given to the Irish Brigade, when it was about to enter battle with three other brigades sent by Hancock to the relief of the Third Corps, of the Army of the Potomac, on that memorable July 2. No one interested in Civil War records that bear on Catholic activities can fail to find interest in Father Corby's reminiscences. Of the Catholic chaplains serving with the armies of the North, he had the widest and longest military experience. Indeed, to follow his diary is to mark the progress of the Army of the Potomac from 1861 to 1865.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Father Corby gave up his professor's chair in Notre Dame University and volunteered his services as chaplain. In the autumn of 1861 he arrived in Washington and went to old St. Peter's church on East Capitol Hill. The pastor did not know him, and Father Corby gives a rather amusing account of their meeting:

The good pastor seemed at first very uneasy. He had never seen me before, but after a short time he was con-

vinced that I was not a fraud. In a short time we were in full confidence, and he asked me about my trip, where I came from and where I was going. I answered him as best I could, and told him I was chaplain of the Irish Brigade. . . . The next morning I said Mass, and in the forenoon met Father Paul Gillen, C.S.C., who drove me in his "Rock-away" across the long bridge that passes over the Potomac to Alexandria. A short distance out from the city I found the Irish Brigade in camp.

It will be remembered that the Irish Brigade was commanded by General Thomas Francis Meagher. It was made up of the Sixty-ninth, Eighty-eighth, and Sixty-third New York regiments, the One Hundred and Sixteenth and Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania Infantry, the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts Infantry and Hogan's and McMahon's batteries. The Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania was later assigned to another brigade in the same army corps. When first mustered in, the brigade had five Catholic priests as chaplains. There were six other Catholic chaplains with the Army of the Potomac. Moreover, priests were assigned to duty as post chaplains to minister to the soldiers who were in training at army posts, awaiting orders to go into the field.

Father Corby joined his command at Camp California, Alexandria, and together with Father James Dillon, C.S.C., and Father Thomas Ouellet, S.J., began his duties as chaplain. From the early fall of 1861 until the spring of 1862 the brigade was encamped at Camp California. There is little poetry in the description of the camp given in Father Corby's notes:

I am amused when I read the works of some historians who, looking entirely on the bright side of the picture, try to impress their readers with the beauty of this camp. . . . No doubt the scenery on the south side of the Potomac where we were, is very picturesque. But let us look on the other side of this poetically described camp, when poetry is forgotten in the presence of stern reality. Our camp was laid out in streets; these streets, rained on continually, worked up by the tramping of horses and the heavy wheels of the army wagons, were a sight! They resembled exactly, except as to color, the mud-pits where clay is mixed for the manufacture of brick. One day I saw an officer attempt to cross the street in front of my tent. When he reached the center, his boots sank so deep in the tough clay that he was obliged to call a soldier to dig him out with a spade. Even then it became impossible for him to extricate himself except by pulling his feet out of his boots and escaping in his stocking feet.

The three chaplains spent the first winter of the war under canvas. They used to secure heat by means of small stoves that burned green pine, and the result was more often smoke than heat. The hardship endured in that camp may be imagined when we remember that the War Department lost so many horses that winter that an order was issued forbidding the use of horses for draught purposes. They were replaced by the far-famed army mule that "could sleep in mud and live on chips." During this season the duties of the chaplains were about the same as those of a parish, except that as Father Corby notes, they "had no pew rent to collect." There were the regular "Confession" days, the Sunday and holy-day Masses, and during the week there were sinners to look up, pledges to be given, men to be instructed, and difficulties of more or less moment to be settled. Father Corby pays a very high tribute to the personnel of the command with which he was soldiering.

The officers were, for the most part, men of superior education, gallant beyond any around them in the army, and, as for bravery, it was born in them. The rank and file was composed of healthy, intelligent men, far above the average, and, in many cases, of liberal education. In my regiment as private soldiers there were seven first-class lawyers. Last but not least, the surgeons of this brigade were among the first in the army. Dr. Reynolds had no superior.

On March 5, 1862, the troops in Camp California were ordered to take the field. In the chill drizzling rain the columns took to the roads, which were in poor condition. Father Corby's horse gave him some trouble during this first march that he made

with the Army of the Potomac. In the middle of a creek the animal paused and no amount of persuasion could induce progress. Not until a soldier by a unique use of his bayonet substituted action for words, did the chaplain's charger consent to join the marching column. The army halted at nightfall and made their camp in open fields. Now the chaplains had put their packs in army wagons, and evening found the wagons fifteen miles beyond the rear of the column, stuck fast in Virginia mud. After five days the wagons came up with the army. So, for the first night's rest there was little in the way of comfort for the chaplains. Father Corby writes:

Some men wanted to go to confession, as we expected to be in battle next day, so I sat on the roots of an old tree and heard all who came. . . . After this I sat on some sticks the rest of the night near the fire which the soldiers had started. . . . Thus I spent that night, after marching about eighteen miles in rain and mud, with no dinner and no supper, followed by no sleep.

At dawn the march was resumed and by evening the command reached Manassas. The Confederates had hurriedly abandoned the place, leaving valuable rations after them. Toward the end of March the troops were ordered back from Manassas, and Father Corby, his fellow-chaplains and about 1,500 troops took ship on board the Ocean Queen for the Peninsula, and finally landed at Ship Point, Virginia. Here they were quartered in huts formerly occupied by the Confederate army. It is here that the chaplain's notes first mention "graybacks." They were the forbears of the modern "cooties" that torture the fighting man in his underworld life in the trenches.

You will find some writers telling of the prancing war horse, shining swords and bright bayonets, glittering in the sun, writes Father Corby. While all this is true it is well to give some of the ordinary reality . . . sufferings from want of good fresh food, long tedious marches under scorching sun or in pelting rain, and incredible tortures from these "graybacks."

The army was now at the front not far from Yorktown, and a church-tent was erected. Mass was celebrated here every morning, prayers said each evening, and Confessions heard on stated days. Not only from this brigade, but from the other brigades of the Army of the Potomac, Catholic officers and soldiers gathered to seek the consolations of their Faith. The Northern troops were getting ready to besiege Yorktown, when it was unexpectedly abandoned by the Confederates in May, 1862. The Union army passed through Yorktown, and met the Confederate forces at Fair Oaks in this same month. From Yorktown the brigade with which Father Corby was serving went up the York River to Cumberland, and landed on the right bank of the Pamunkey. They halted at White House for a while. During this halt the chaplains were busy attending to the spiritual needs of the men about to go into battle.

In the evening, writes Father Corby, the men went to Confession so as to receive Holy Communion in the morning.

With lively faith they gathered around the altars assisting at Mass, and many, war States, especially Virginia, were sanctified in this way. Thousands of soldiers looking up to heaven, . . . the priest lifting up the Spotless Lamb, calling out to man and to the Eternal Father: "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." . . . A good minister met me on the march one day, and asked in all simplicity and earnestness: "Chaplain, how do you bring your men to Divine Service? I see them as I pass your quarters attending by the hundreds, if not thousands, every Sabbath, and often during the week. I cannot induce my men to attend that way; in fact, very few take any interest in religious services." "Why, my dear sir," I replied, "I do not bring them. Their faith brings them."

By the time Meagher's Brigade reached Fair Oaks, part of McClellan's army had been under fire. On June 1 the brigade went into action, and played a very vital part in making Fair Oaks a Union victory.

During the battle and after it, as fast as our men dropped, they were seen first by the priest, at the request of the sufferer, and if the wound was fatal the priest heard his Confession on the spot, and then he was conveyed to a place called a hospital. . . . I was riding with General Meagher's staff, when the Confederates getting our range sent a perfect shower of bullets at us. . . . I confess I was not sorry when I reached the side of a log house to attend to a poor wounded soldier. . . . I could hear the bullets strike the roof, sounding like hailstones.

With our modern ideas of neat base and field hospitals, a rude log cabin seems a sorry place for wounded men. But at Fair Oaks there was no well-organized relief work. Any improvised shelter served for hospital purposes, and at this engagement old freight cars did transport service. They were run down to the river bank, as soon as they received their burdens, and then the cars were emptied as fast as possible. Dr. Ellis, of the Union army, who was in charge describes the scene:

The wounded were lying around on the track as they had been taken out of the freight cars. . . . I found more than three hundred of them, many in a dying condition, and all more or less mutilated, and still enveloped in their filthy blood-stained clothing, as they were found on the battlefield. In many instances maggots were creeping out of their festering wounds.

After Fair Oaks the Union army was entrenched in front of Richmond, so near, in fact, that from some tall pines that fringed their encampment the soldiers could get a view of the Confederate capitol. The ground was marshy and it was not long before malaria visited the camp. The three priests with Meagher's brigade were busy not only attending the men of their own command, but Catholic soldiers of other divisions. A sick call that meant a twenty-mile ride was not unusual. Very often the regimental bands would play the "*Adeste Fideles*" in slow and measured tones. It was the favorite funeral march, and the death-rate was so high that it was played very often—many times a day, according to Father Corby's diary. In the midst of this epidemic the chaplains held a small "synod" and discussed faculties. Their deliberations closed with the resolution that in the event of death "Each chaplain agreed to say two Masses for the one who fell first." Their council had just adjourned when Father Corby fell sick, and accompanied by Father Dillon he was sent to White House Landing, put on board an army transport for Washington, and there sent to the hospital that was under the care of the Sisters of Charity. He considered himself fortunate in escaping from the malaria camp where many a Union soldier died. It was the first and only sickness that Father Corby experienced during his war service. He returned to his command in time to share in the suffering or the glory of the Seven Days' Fight.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six-hundred words.

Is France Catholic?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

One of your correspondents—I think it was Mr. McGrath of Yonkers, but having mislaid my copy of AMERICA which contained the letter, I cannot be sure—raised the question as to the Catholicism of France and suggested a dilemma: Either France is not Catholic or it is Catholic; it is in much the same plight as Germany, in that the people allow themselves to be governed by those whom they cannot control.

It is not to be denied that the question thus put is one that has disturbed and, I venture to think, distorted the judgments of many American Catholics upon the war. The events of the last twenty years are still fresh in our minds and if refreshment of our memories had been needed, it could have been abundantly supplied by the visit to this country a few months ago of the French anti-clerical leader who had, in a speech which was

placarded through France, boasted that he and his associates had extinguished the lights of heaven. Moreover, still more recently we have had some evidence that the old venom is still abroad in France in connection with the "*Orphelinat des Armées*," despite the "*Union Sacrée*."

I have recently read with great interest and profit an essay by Mgr. Chapon, Bishop of Nice, "*La France et l'Allemagne devant la Conscience Chrétienne*." This essay is published in a volume, to which it gives the title, by the "*Comité Catholique de Propagande Française à l'Etranger*" and it should be widely known by American Catholics, for it contains a searching and most instructive analysis of the French and the German viewpoints in philosophy and religion. Certain passages in this essay bear upon the question raised by Mr. McGrath, and I venture to translate them in the hope that they may suggest some of the lines upon which an answer to that question might be made.

Mgr. Chapon deals first with the German *weltanschauung* upon which there is no need to enter here further than to say that his dissection is a masterpiece of clear exposition. Then he comes to the French *idée*, and begins with a consideration of what he calls the *present irreligion* in France, by making an "examination of conscience." France has much to answer for in many ways, he says, but there is one thing that cannot be charged against her, and that is of having ever completely sunk herself in error and staying there. Injustice has never been able to sleep comfortably in France for long. Now it is true that there has been for a long time in France something very like a direct and deliberate war upon religion. This war has been made by men acting in the name of "liberty," men who believed that they saw in religion a principle of slavery and of submission which was abhorrent to their philosophy. This philosophy they called "laicism" in antithesis to "clericalism," which was the name they gave to religion. How have they been able to impose their ideas upon the laws of France, if France herself did not approve them? Says Bishop Chapon:

France was never irreligious except in part. It is far from true that those who have been promoters of irreligion and those who in one way or another have cooperated in the laicizing campaign have explicitly and consciously pursued the absurd and criminal idea of banishing religion from the life of men. The fight that they have made, like all fights in this world, has been upon very confused lines. . . . No one will deny that certain Catholics merged with their religion, political, economic and scientific notions and ideas of their own which were to say the least foreign, if not actually antagonistic, to the true spirit of that religion, and then proceeded, as Leo XIII complained in his Encyclical, "*Immortale Dei*," to proscribe the opinions and impugn the faith of other Catholics who had in the utmost sincerity submitted themselves to the teachings and direction of the Church and the Holy See. . . . As a consequence of this how many there have been who without being at the bottom of their hearts irreligious have struck hands with the open enemies of religion in aid of political institutions and scientific or philosophic theories to which these Catholics were opposed! . . . The result is that in the name of laicism many things have been done besides those exclusively anti-religious. . . . If besides this, irreligion has seemed to have taken on an epidemic character, in how many cases, shall we not say, has it not been superficial, a product of ignorance or vanity, ambition or thoughtless enthusiasm, springing from a weakness of heart or will rather than perversion of intellect? In proof of which is the fact that it is not maintained in face of the grim and solemn facts of life, especially that of death. Everyone knows that it has vanished in most of those who are fighting out there at the frontier, and that it is on Christian faith found again or reawakened that they build their trust and their strength. Finally, despite all our woes, the religious life has always been maintained in a multitude of souls in our land of France. Like it or not like it, it shone and spread itself amid its very enemies. What wonderfully significant conversions there have been every day! Were we not always the land where Christian charity spent itself in works of all kinds doing as much or more by ourselves in certain of the greatest works—the Propagation of the Faith, for example, founded

by us, schools in the East, missions, Peter's Pence—than all the other Catholic nations put together? Has not the Church in France in these last days seen rally round her a youth, ardent and pure, devoted to religion and country more numerous than ever it was in ages past, more numerous, we venture to say than in any other land? Is not Catholic thought as full of life and fertility with us as it ever was and more? Has it not penetrated all fields of activity with tireless ardor to meet the new difficulties and the new needs? Sweet it has been to us in such an hour as this, and in the face of unjust accusations to receive an earnest of the fatherly heart of Benedict XV through his eminent and sympathetic Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri.

"It is natural," he writes to his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, "that the solicitude of the common Father of the Faithful should first evince itself to those of his children who give the most convincing proof of their respect and affection for him. Among these his children in France merit especial mention, children of that nation which has justly earned the name of the Church's eldest daughter, which ever gives splendid proof of its generosity to Catholic enterprises, and which now, and for many months past, from one end of the land to the other, in the army, the ambulances, and the hospitals and down to the smallest village, has manifested a striking faith and piety which has given great consolation of the Holy Father."

We shall not labor the point, says Bishop Chapon, in conclusion. It is not for us to sound our own trumpet, and we would not have said the little we have said, being more concerned as we are to remedy our mistakes and our faults than to brag of our merits, if too many Catholics abroad had not overwhelmed us with extravagant accusations as if to justify in advance the abominable treatment that Germany had designed to make us undergo.

Whoever has a moderate knowledge of France in the last generation or so can easily put names to some of the things hinted at by Bishop Chapon. I need not here recall them further than to say that it would have been well if the "certain Catholics" referred to had heeded the voice of Leo XIII and made their peace with the French Republic when he advised them to do so, instead of dreaming their royalist dreams and giving to the enemies of the Church the chance to label them as enemies of the Republic.

That France is Catholic admits of no doubt, I think. That the French people are unable to control their own Government—the other horn of Mr. McGrath's dilemma—is something which is certainly not true in the sense in which it may be said of the German people. We shall see this more clearly when the war is over, for there will not then be the internal divisions which have enabled a minority to rule the country in the past. Bishop Chapon's paper ought to be translated into English, and circulated among American Catholics, for if my observation be correct there is great need for it.

Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

The Sisters in Peace

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Apropos of Father Treacy's illuminating sketches of the mercies of our Catholic Sisters in wartime, "Aguecheek," the Devin-Adair Company's "My Unknown Chum" has this paragraph which, though sixty years old, is still pertinent:

I have been much impressed by a visit to a large but unpretentious-looking house in the Rue de Bac, the mother house of that admirable organization, the Sisters of Charity. It was not much of a visit to be sure, for not even my gray hairs and respectable appearance could gain for me an admission beyond the strangers' parlor, the courtyard, and the cool, quiet chapel. But that was enough to increase my respect and admiration for those devoted women. The community there consists of 600 Sisters of Charity, whose whole time is occupied taking care of the sick, and needy and neglected in the hospitals and asylums, and in every quarter of the city. You see them at every corner, going quietly about their work of benevolence and presenting a fine contrast to some of our noisy theorists at home. I may be in error, but it strikes me that that community is doing more in its present mode of action to advance the

true dignity and rights of the sex than if it were to resolve itself into a convention, after the American fashion. I was somewhat anxious to inquire whether any of the Sisters of the community had ever taken to lecturing or preaching in public; but the modest and unassuming manner of all those whom I saw rendered such question unnecessary. I fear that oratory is sadly neglected among them; with this exception, and perhaps the absence of a certain strong-mindedness in their characters, I think that they will compare very favorably with any of our distinguished female philanthropists. They wear the same gray habit and odd-shaped white bonnet that the Sisters of Charity wear in Boston. While we praise the self-forgetful heroism of Florence Nightingale as it deserves, let us not forget that France sent out her Florence Nightingales to the Crimea by fifties and hundreds, young and delicate women, hiding their personality under the common dress of a Religious Order, casting aside the names that would recall their rank in the world, unencouraged in their beneficence by any newspaper paragraphs, and unrewarded save by the sweet consciousness of duty done. The Emperor Alexander, struck by the part played in the Crimean campaign by the Sisters of Charity, has recently asked the superior of the Order to detail 500 of the Sisters, for duty in the hospitals of Russia. It is understood that the request will be complied with, so far as the number of the community will permit.

The Sisters are the same everywhere, angels of peace and mercy.

New Orleans.

E. M. QUAY.

Caring for the Child

To the Editor of AMERICA:

After reading "Caring for the Child" in your issue for October 13, I felt ashamed to think that in the past I had allowed so many deserving appeals to go unheeded. For the future I will do my part, because I too was an orphan child, though not of the class mentioned, and I owe a great debt to those good Sisters who took such excellent care of me in my infancy. I enclose \$5.00 for the care of the little ones, in honor of St. Anthony, and I know it will be the best investment I ever made.

Brooklyn.

J. G. H.

[This money has been forwarded to the New York Foundling Hospital. J. G. H. has invested his money right well. May he have many imitators.—Ed. AMERICA.]

A Scarlet Fever Chaser

To the Editor of AMERICA:

There is still with us a class of religious journals which accept patent medicine advertisements, advertisements of correspondence courses in nursing, Father John's holy sustainer, intensified foods, every dollar's worth of which is equal to one penny-bun, and so on through all the tricks of drug makers to separate the ignorant from their money. Last week in a journal like these I saw a prescription given for a medicine which averts scarlet fever infallibly, and when the infallibility slips a cog it invariably cures the disease; at least the editor says it does. The prescription is: Digitalis, one grain; zinc sulphate, one grain; water, four ounces; given in teaspoonful doses.

This medicine will neither prevent nor cure scarlet fever, nor anything else. It wouldn't prevent or cure a sessile wart. Someone, however, might try it in scarlet fever, as they try Christian Science, and so do damage. There is no such drug as digitalis. There are numerous derivatives of digitalis used in medicine, and no drugs require more skill in their use than just the digitalis group. There is a thirty-second of a grain of the "digitalis" in each dose, and the same quantity of zinc sulphate. That quantity of zinc sulphate is very homeopathic. Taken all in all this medicine in scarlet fever would be as effective as a mustard plaster applied to the hitching post before the patient's house. It is unmitigated "piffle," and that any editor should publish it as useful information is discouraging.

Philadelphia.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M.D.

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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More Chaplains

NO one who has met Catholics but knows the hold which religion has on them. If they are at all worthy of the name and have not been spoiled by social climbing, or political ambition, or Socialistic propaganda, the Faith penetrates into their innermost heart, and although it may not control their ordinary actions to the full extent which the Church would desire, it asserts a clamorous dominance over all their thoughts in moments of anguish and danger.

The ordinary Catholic may not always be ready to live for the Faith, but as a rule he will fight for it and die for it, and above all he is eager to die in it so that he may go to meet his God, aided by its strengthening rites. In the sordid struggle to keep the wolf from his door his eyes may be fixed on the ground oftener than on the skies; but when he meets the messenger of death, he lifts them, bright with the vision of faith, to Heaven, and if he can only have the priest to assist him, he looks with unflinching courage past the silent city of the dead into the home of his desires. As the sands of life run out, thoughts of eternity come flooding into his soul; and at the last supreme moment he wants above everything the consolations of his Faith.

This being the case, it is easy to understand that the greatest privation to which a Catholic soldier can be subjected is not the absence of comfort or the presence of hardship, not separation from home or the prospect of death, but the want of a chaplain to hear his confession and to bid him Godspeed into eternal rest. It would seem a little thing indeed, when a man is willing to lay

down his life for his country, to accord him the privilege of having a chaplain near him to shrive him as he fixes his bayonet for his last charge and to anoint him as his life-blood gushes from his heart. Yet it must be confessed that the nations of Europe, which have shown such marvelous efficiency in other details of military preparation, have broken down rather lamentably in this matter of according their Catholic soldiers on the battlefield the ministrations of priests.

The following excerpt from a letter written by an Irish chaplain with the forces in France to the *Irish Catholic* emphasizes the disastrous consequences of such a short-sighted policy:

I remember a brigade, more than half Catholic, which lost its chaplain. Despite the efforts of the Divisional Command, no other was available. There was the daily toll of casualties from shell and rifle fire. Everyone was struck with the desolation of the dying. The Church of England chaplain of the brigade asked me if it would do for him to hear the Confessions of the dying and tell them to me afterwards! Good, kindly man, he had but one thought—to assuage the anguish of the dying. I heard someone lately tell the pathetic tale of a large hospital ship chock-full of wounded. One cry resounded from stem to stern, a cry for the priest, and there was none. I was witness of this myself. Not once, alas! but many, many times. Such details are harrowing. I mention them to bring out the hardships which the present shortage of chaplains entails on the Church's children in their hour of sorest trial.

To the credit of the Government of the United States be it said that there has been no disposition on its part to deny its Catholic soldiers and sailors the consolations of religion. However, for one reason or another the number of chaplains who have received commissions is still altogether inadequate, and unless prompt measures are taken to supply the deficiency there will be in the American forces many repetitions of incidents such as those described in the above citation. It is incredible that anything whatsoever should stand in the way of meeting the need of chaplains. The Government overcame all obstacles in the way of providing recreation for soldiers and sailors, it cannot do less for their far more urgent spiritual needs. More Catholic chaplains are needed for our Catholic fighting men.

Vain Regrets

“I HAD but the one. That was my folly. Now I have nothing,” is the bitter lament of a French mother who has lost in the present war her only son. Another French woman who has her boy “out there” in the trenches tearfully confessed to an American acquaintance:

We are all of us French women of a certain class so stupid when we are young. I adore children. But I thought I could only afford to have one, as I wanted to do so much for him. Now if I lose that one, what have I to live for? . . . It was silly of me to have but this one. I know, now that it is too late, that I could have done as well, and it may be better, with several, for I have seen the possibilities demonstrated among my friends who have three or four.

There are few things sadder than these women's vain

regrets. They now see a large portion of their country invaded and made desolate by a powerful enemy that could have been kept from their borders had they and all the other mothers of France only been pious, brave and patriotic enough to bear and rear large families. For then their sons would have been so numerous and strong three years ago that perhaps the Kaiser would never have dared to march his soldiers into France. But while Germany's population steadily increased, France's just as steadily grew less. Before the war there were only 775,000 births a year in all France, while the deaths were 724,000, but last year the births fell to 310,000, while the death-rate rose to 1,110,000. Let us hope that, before the war is over, some mothers nearer home will not be echoing the laments of these two French women. What a sorry spectacle birth-controllists present when the call to arms is sounded.

All Saints

THE Feast of All Saints brings home to us in a thrilling form a great dogma, the holiness of the Catholic Church. It proves to us that the Catholic Church, in virtue of the power given her by her Divine Founder, can produce and foster holiness, and that she is the mother of saints. She can evoke holiness and preserve it in the souls of her children because her Founder is holiness personified, because His purpose in bringing her into existence was to make men holy, because the means and the instruments given her for that purpose, her doctrines and morality, are essentially holy also.

The Catholic Church is also the mother of saints. In virtue of the gifts with which she has been dowered by her Founder, through the operation and the influence of her dogmas and morality, she has actually produced saints, who are the noblest and the best of our race, the world's true heroes.

The sanctity of the Catholic Church, the fact that she can produce saints, that she has been the mother of a long line of virgins, martyrs, confessors and doctors whom the world hails as the noblest representatives of humanity, is one of the strongest proofs of her Divinity. That work is surely of God. Sanctity so far transcends the ordinary powers of our fallen nature that when it is seen, the hand of God is manifest. And the manifestations of the holiness of the Catholic Church are so striking that they force the admiration even of her enemies. That sanctity of which she is the fruitful mother is of all times, of all ages, ranks and conditions of life. She counts her Saints among the rich and the poor. They come from the palace of the king and the peasant's hut, from the domestic hearth and the home, from the cell of the hermit and the nun.

Sanctity in her fold is not confined to the days of the martyrs of the Catacombs. It is not limited to one privileged class. In the Catholic Church sanctity wears with Sebastian the helmet and the sword of the Roman officer, with Ignatius of Loyola, it wields the lance of the

Spanish knight. It dons the robe of royalty with Louis of France and Stephen of Hungary. It binds its brow with the queenly jewels of Hedwiges of Poland, the ducal crown of Elizabeth of Thuringia. It bends with Thomas of Aquinas over the pages of the Gospel and the writings of Greek sages. With Isidore of Seville it guides the oxen and the plough; paints immortal canvases with Fra Angelico; at the organ with Cecilia it hymns a song that the Angels might envy. With Teresa it hallows the cloister; with Xavier it conquers the East. It is an abiding sign that the Catholic Church is of God, that in the midst of a sinful world she is doing God's work.

On the Feast of All Saints we lift our eyes to the heavenly mansions where the Saints now dwell. The armies of the living God are marching past. The light of victory is on their brow and the palm of immortality in their hand. On All Saints Day the Church of God reviews her faithful troops. Their toil is over, their fight is done. God Himself is now their reward exceeding great. An echo of their triumph is borne to earth. No heart so dull as not to be thrilled by the martial call. We salute the victors. Using the same means which they employed, their loyalty to Christ and the teachings of that Church of which they are the ornament and the pride, we can obtain the same reward.

Scrapping the American Constitution

A MERE scrap of paper: such is the Constitution of the United States today in the State of Oklahoma. The abuse of politics by prohibitionist leaders to promote their campaign of religious intolerance has deprived Catholics of the right to perform their essential act of Divine worship in that State. This equally unchristian and unconstitutional tyranny, touching upon the most vital interests of human life, is a sad commentary on our boasted love of freedom and democracy. While Catholic soldiers are marching forth in the name of liberty, the worst form of oppression, religious tyranny, is triumphantly enthroned in a State that claims to be represented by a star in our national banner.

It has therefore become necessary for the Chancellor of the Oklahoma diocese to file a "Petition for Writ of Mandamus" against the public carriers who, in pursuance of the constitutional prohibition provision, refuse to accept shipments of wine for altar purposes. Such is the step that must be taken in order that a hundred Christian churches in the State of Oklahoma, numerous schools, convents, hospitals, colleges and seminaries may be able to enjoy the most ordinary rights of religious liberty provided for them by their national Constitution and assured to them beneath the flag for which even now they are going forth, ready to lay down their lives if that sacrifice be required of them.

We are proclaiming the sacredness of international treaties. Yet by this act of intolerance prohibitionist leaders, in their campaign of bigotry, have torn into

shreds, as a mere scrap of paper, the solemn treaty between the Republic of France and the United States of America, whereby the Louisiana Territory, originally including the present State of Oklahoma, was ceded to the United States with the provision that its Catholic inhabitants should be "protected in the enjoyment of their liberty, property and the religion which they profess." Mere scraps of paper, too, in the hands of these politicians were the terms of the Enabling act whereby Oklahoma was admitted into the Union and the religious liberty sections of the Constitution of the State of Oklahoma and of the Constitution of the United States. What else could we expect? What indeed are the most sacred rights and conventions of mankind to men who are blinded by religious bigotry and intolerance! Poor Oklahoma! The lesson is timely for all American Catholics. They must sleep in their armor, if they would guard their sacred rights.

Divorce's Chief Victims

TIME was when the chivalrous South, though for the most part Protestant, was considered almost as zealous for the permanence of the marriage bond as is the Catholic Church herself. But nowadays Dixieland seems to be losing that enviable distinction. For if we may judge by the recent divorce statistics of two representative Virginia towns, marriages are becoming quite as short-lived down there as in more "enterprising" northern communities. According to reports filed with the Census Bureau at Washington Richmond with a population of 154,000 had 244 divorces during the year 1916, while Roanoke, a town of some 42,000, had ninety-five. Of the latter number, desertion, unfaithfulness, intemperance and cruelty, were, in a decreasing ratio, the grounds on which the divorces were granted and forty-four children, all told, were effected by the courts' decrees.

It is those forty-four little ones, innocent sufferers for their parents' sins, who are most to be pitied. Robbed of a loving mother's care or a father's guiding hand at an age when both are needed most, what kind of citizens are those children likely to be when they grow up? Many of them, it is safe to say, will be a menace or a burden to the State, and scarcely one of them will live to be the excellent citizen he probably would have become, had he only been reared in a peaceful Christian home, where both parents took pains to bring up their boys and girls well. So the Catholic Church, in absolutely prohibiting divorce, as she was taught by her Divine Founder to do, is clearly the best protector of helpless and innocent childhood in the world today. As it is the duty of married people not only to have children but to rear, safeguard and educate them as well, the Church, enlightened from on high, has always set her face like a flint against divorce, for she realizes that when the marriage bond is broken, it is little children who are the chief victims of the sin.

Three Heroic Mothers

NOW that so many mothers in the land have nobly sent their sons off to the war, perhaps the example left us by historic mothers who have made like sacrifices will help to hearten and comfort in their loneliness these generous mothers of America. What an admirable portrait, for example, Shakespeare draws of the Roman mother in "Coriolanus" when Volumnia says:

When yet he [Coriolanus] was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb, when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way, when for a day of kings' entreaties a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding, I considering how honor would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man. . . . Hear me profess sincerely: Had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Nobler still was the conduct of the Machabees' mother who, when her seven sons were being tortured and murdered before her very eyes because they would not violate God's law, kept entreating them so heroically to be steadfast and faithful that she deserved to receive in the inspired pages of Holy Writ such high praises as these:

Now the mother was to be admired above measure, and worthy to be remembered by good men, who beheld her seven sons slain in the space of one day, and bore it with a good courage for the hope that she had in God: and she bravely exhorted every one of them in her own language, being filled with wisdom and joining a man's heart to a woman's thought.

But noblest of all, and richest, too, in comfort for sorrowing mothers, is Our Blessed Lady, who stood unflinchingly at the foot of the Cross and freely offered up for the ransom of the world her incomparable Son. She made that sacrifice to free from the servitude of sin not only her own nation, but the entire world, and she made it whole-heartedly and without reserve. There never lived a mother and a son who were dearer to each other than were Mary and Jesus, no son ever died a more cruel death or for a holier cause than He, and no mother ever suffered more from the sword of grief than she. Almighty God graciously permitted this in order that Our Lady might be able to sympathize and that sorrowing mothers in ages to come might always find in her heroic example and strong intercession a stay and comfort.

In Volumnia, that high-hearted Roman matron, in the mother of the Machabees, that intrepid defender of her nation's honor, and in Mary, that unselfish lover of human liberty, all the mothers of the land who with tear-dimmed eyes have watched their sons march away to the war have patterns of patriotism that are no less inimitable than admirable.

Literature

THE JUSTIFICATION OF "VERS LIBRE"

THE main objection to the whole quarrel with the *vers libristes* may be epitomized in the question: Do they sing? do they give us music? for, as poetry might be defined as the voice of beauty, or as beauty made articulate, the world has long since decided that poetry to deserve the name must have these two qualities, namely, beauty for its content and music to express that content.

Now it must be confessed that under the banners of the new poetry there has gathered a ragged host who are makers of the most barbarous dissonance, the most unholy noise that ever assaulted a reluctant ear. But this is no new thing. Pope has told us of the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease, and we all know the fate that befell them. Wordsworth had his disciples who were balder than their master. And did there not linger among us till only quite recently a thin echo of the Tennysonian cadence?

Setting those writers aside, therefore, we shall find that the wiser apologists for the new poetry are at some pains to tell us that though *vers libre* is devoid of formal meter, it has nevertheless a certain rhythm; and if space were at our disposal we should proceed to quote "The Evening Rain," by John Gould Fletcher, and "The Red Month," by James Oppenheim. But we have room only for "A Baby Asleep After Pain," by D. H. Lawrence, which runs thus:

As a drenched, drowned bee
Hangs numb and heavy from a bending flower,
So clings to me
My baby, her brown hair brushed with wet tears
And laid against her cheek;
Her soft white legs hanging heavily over my arm
Swinging heavily to my movement as I walk.
My sleeping baby hangs upon my life,
Like a burden she hangs on me.
She has always seemed so light,
But now she is wet with tears and numb with pain;
Even her floating hair sinks heavily
Reaching downwards;
As the wings of a drenched, drowned bee
Are a heaviness, and a weariness.

and for the following lines on "Anne Rutledge," Abraham Lincoln's dead sweetheart, which occur in Edgar Lee Masters' "Spoon River Anthology":

Out of me unworthy and unknown
The vibrations of deathless music;
"With malice toward none, with charity for all."
Out of me the forgiveness of millions towards millions,
And the beneficent face of a nation
Shining with justice and truth.
I am Anne Rutledge who sleep beneath these weeds,
Beloved in life of Abraham Lincoln,
Wedded to him, not through union,
But through separation.
Bloom forever, O Republic,
From the dust of my bosom!

In these poems we have clearly and unquestionably beauty, emotion, power, imagination, and, yes, music, and music, too, of a very fine quality. And we would submit moreover that it is a music, a movement entirely different from, essentially dissimilar to that of prose. Of course, at first it sounds strange to the ear long fed on rhyme and regular rhythm; but a fresh presentment of beauty always seems strange; novelty is never familiar; and we have no manner of doubt that the first readers of blank verse found that also strange until their hearing became used to a new harmony.

Summing up, then, we would say that the benefits wrought by the *vers libristes* have been mainly these: First and foremost they have dispelled the conspiracy of silence which for so many years here in America had borne down like an obscuring and, worse, a smothering fog on the fair form of poetry. Secondly, their innovation in rhythm has affected the regular versemen so that we may now discern in the work of the latter a quality of sound, a free movement, a subtle cadence, a lilt, a swing, a swiftness, a variety which it did not exhibit before. If the new movement had created no other effects than these two we should say that it had triumphantly justified itself; but in addition we go on and say that, thirdly, the *vers libristes* have on their own account produced fine and meritorious work in a new and more flexible form; and we are certain, moreover, that as time goes on and their mastery of their medium becomes firmer and more assured they will produce even finer and more enduring work.

And here we would make some general observations. To readers we would say: The poets make the laws of their art; the critics merely formulate them. *Vers libre* will not displace regular verse, nor does it seek to do so; there is room for both. Rhyme did not go out with the appearance of blank verse, nor did alliteration cease on the introduction of rhyme. The new poetry has music, not the music of the old, but yet music, and a music, too, different from that of prose. Judge the new poetry by its best, not by its worst; every movement has its grotesque shadows. The new manner is only apparently easier than the old; and moreover the new poets are close students of regular verse and are themselves proficient in it. When blank verse first came in, people no doubt thought that, now the necessity of finding rhymes was removed, poetry would be a facile business. We no longer think so.

And to the poets: If you really must sin against accepted canons, then in literature as in life to escape the world's censure you must sin splendidly. Only too often you sin drably, dully, unintelligibly, in a word, unmannerly; and for that the world has no forgiveness. Blasphemy is not wit, nor can sound art be reared on rotten foundations. The soul, the very breath of life of poetry is spiritual content. If you have not that, you have nothing. Don't give the rein to your loose fancy and looser philosophy in order to startle or shock us. It is bad art; it is your business to please. And besides we are not shocked; we are bored.

Cleverness is not poetry and never will be; that smart, intellectual adroitness, that thing all brain, and mostly surface brain, and no heart, that brazen, smirking, capering spirit of flippancy and irreverence: that is the prime sin, the capital crime, the deadly blight of American letters, which stretches its withering length from James Russell Lowell and from beyond him down to his feminine namesake of the present day. Avoid that as you would the plague.

And lastly, we would commend to your consideration a certain episode in the "Faerie Queen," that, namely, where Britomart wandering through the palace of Busyrane comes to door after door, and over each one she reads the legend, "Be bold," "Be bold," and everywhere, "Be bold"; but finally she comes to the last door and over that it says, "Be not too bold."

And now, in conclusion, a word to the specific reader of this periodical, the Catholic, the man who holds that his Faith is by far the most precious and invaluable of all possible possessions, which is not to be imperiled by dallying with an evil book, no matter how famous or popular, and that the purity of his soul is under no circumstance to be exposed to the influence of indecent art, however alluring or magnificent. Need-

less to say we are not here offering for his approval Masters, the blasphemer; Oppenheim, the social-evolutionist and panegyrist of naturalism; the erotic Lawrence, the bigoted Miss Lowell, or any other of the new writers in whom we may find cause of moral or philosophical offense; and we might quite simply dispose of this particular matter by saying that when we quote these writers we no more approve of the principles they represent than we approve of pantheism in quoting Shelley, paganism in quoting Keats, or indecency in quoting Burns or Chaucer.

But this does not fully answer; and we must admit boldly and at once that we have a quarrel with such writers, and a most tremendous and mortal one. But let us understand the situation clearly: this quarrel is as old as literature itself; it is spiritually speaking, as old as the world; and the plain truth is that if poetry were to be condemned absolutely and without reserve on the score of indelicacy or erroneous doctrine, then there is in all English literature scarce one major poet, if one, who would stand. And the classics would go at a single swoop—from Virgil, the delight of the Ages of Faith, to Homer himself, the very father of the art.

Where, then, are we to find secure footing? Well, as to the pagans, what is Hecuba to us, or we to Hecuba? The gods are dead, the oracles are silent, their creeds outworn are buried deep in the earth whence there shall be no resurrection; and yet across the waste of dead centuries there is still borne to us the serene music of their art, giving voice and form and substance to the great dreams that house forever in the heart of man. And as to poets in general of this we can be most certain, that they are true to their high calling, their message comes actually home to us, only when and in so far as they image forth for us their sense of that perfection which is but a dim mirror of Absolute Perfection and their vision of that beauty which is but a weak and shadowy replica of Infinite Beauty. This it is to which all poets must, and do, bear witness—Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile, Pagan or Christian; however unconsciously, however brokenly and imperfectly, however partially and obscurely; for only so can poetry speak to us with power and with authority. This is its glory, this is its sanction, this is its law.

JOHN BUNKER.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Irish Home-Rule Convention. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$0.50.

The heart of this little book is the excellent essay called "Thoughts for a Convention" by George W. Russell (A. E.), and enveloping it are pages dealing on "A Defense of the Convention," by the Hon. Sir Horace Plunkett, and "An American Opinion," by Mr. John Quinn. Readers of AMERICA have already had the matter contained in this volume put before them; for the contributions to its "Correspondence" department afforded abundant space to a consideration of "What Ireland Wants." George Russell's paper first appeared in a Unionist journal, the *Irish Times*, and a few days later 20,000 copies of the essay in pamphlet form were sold. It shook the Unionists in their innermost tabernacle at the time it appeared, and, no doubt, the present tendency to lay the blame for the Easter uprising at the door of Ulster-Carsonism has been inspired by this argument of Russell's. For recently articles in such journals as the *New York Nation*, articles that would hardly have been admitted six months ago, are proving to the world that the disloyalty of Carson and Ulster was the logical foreground for excessive Sinn Feinism to tread. It is not amiss to quote these passages from Russell's essay; for they are a contribution to those "views" already given in AMERICA:

Many Sinn Feiners advocate "an independent Ireland." If by that they mean a republic, they will, in my judgment,

get it only as a sequel of a revolution in England, in which no one believes. On the other hand, Americans should not be misled by the common charges against the Sinn Feiners. *The main body of them are constitutional reformers.* . . . I believe that colonial home rule would amply satisfy nineteen-twentieths of the people of Ireland. . . . I am satisfied that the majority of the convention will see to it that there shall not come out of the convention any reasonable grounds for belief that Ulster has won, that Ulster has had her way, that secret diplomacy has again come out on top, that back-stairs intrigue and private understandings are not over, but that broad statesmanship and a genuine desire to promote the interests of Ireland and of England have been the guiding motive of this convention.

Another sentence deserves quotation, a commentary upon one of the things that old Ireland lost with her old language and social life. Hear first this sentence out of Alice Stopford Green's scholarly book, "The Making of Ireland and Its Undoing," "Every Irish household was an academy of courtesy and conversation." And now this sentence from Russell: "When we lost the old Irish culture we lost the tradition of courtesy to each other which lessens the difficulties of life and makes it possible to conduct controversy without creating bitter memories." M. E.

The Offender. By BURDETTE G. LEWIS. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.

The Present-Day Problem of Crime. By ALBERT H. CURRIER. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00.

In several respects these books are a decided advance upon the pamphlets that flooded the world after the popularization of Lombroso's pseudo-science. In all respects, they are infinitely superior to the productions of the more recent "Maudlin School" of criminology for which "Blackie," Miss Madeline Z. Doty, and Julian Hawthorne may stand as sponsors in triplicate. Dr. Currier sees clearly that some people are bad, not because their median incisors are hypertrophied, but because, knowing what is good, they freely choose the opposite. Mr. Lewis is certain that the little red school house is not, in itself, a perfect barrier against the inroad of crime. "Some of our cleverest and most resourceful offenders," he writes, "have been highly trained by our system of public education." Each admits that "religion" is an element of reformation. Common-sense gratefully acknowledges these concessions.

As for the rest, the philosophy of the two volumes is hopeless. Mr. Lewis is not quite sure what an offender is; Dr. Currier hedges like a New York election officer before the Grand Jury, when asked for a definition of crime. Both are unsatisfactory in treating the question of free-will; although to appraise the moral value of a human act, apart from free-will, is impossible. Consistency is a jewel which neither wears, but the philosophy of these writers seems to be Jansenism interpreted by Hume: that the power of delectation, whether for good or evil, draws the will by a necessity which cannot be resisted. When penologists balk at free-will, and petulantly ask what bearing original sin has on their theses, the future of reform looks dark. Archbishop Ullathorne, who, according to W. S. Lilly, was very successful in reforming criminals, used to say that many expedients brought forward in his day, for regenerating human nature, had one defect, but that fatal: "The nature to be regenerated was left out of the calculation." If Mr. Lewis is retailing facts, not fancies, the majority of the New York police force should be sitting on the Supreme Bench, instead of pricing eggs and counting lamp-posts; for their keen social vision, with their overwhelming hunger and thirst after justice, has but a narrow scope in Manhattan. By the initiate, Appendices VI and VII of the first volume will be read with some amusement. P. L. B.

Poems. By JOHN MASEFIELD. Selected by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, Ph.D.; FREDERICK ERASTUS PIERCE, Ph.D.; WILLARD HIGLEY DURHAM, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.60.

If John Masefield were not so much interested in his body, he might find time for some interest in his soul, and the result would be great poetry. I judge Mr. Masefield by the present volume which three Yale professors, by pooling their genius, here brought into being; for of the man's life and previous work, I know nothing at all. This test may not be proper, for although I left poetry for other pursuits ten years ago, I still remember that both Ovid and Herrick, that genial Anglo-pagan, protested its validity. Their verse, they said, might be unfit for the perusal of the *jeune fille*, but their lives were unexceptionable. However that may be, it is clear that Mr. Masefield has studied the material part of man intensively; and, to me at least, quite as clear that he has not reviewed man's other essential part with equal care. His human beings are therefore creatures of dull clay, lacking the vital spark. The question why Mr. Masefield should be content to dabble in mud, when, if he wishes, he can touch the lofty stars with his sublime head, may probably be reduced to a question of taste, which the poet answers in a fashion that makes the world of beauty poorer. The author of "August, 1914" issues a base counterfeit that should have passed out of circulation with Kipling's early blood-and-thunder indiscretions, in "The Everlasting Mercy." Saul Kane was good at his fists and he early learned how "good ale makes floors seem like the ceiling," but he does not seem to have learned much else. No doubt, many an excellent lesson in morality can be picked up at any jail or police station; but the poetry that uses Pegasus to haul his admirers to those barred recesses, somehow seems more like penology.

P. L. B.

Sumerian Liturgical Texts. By STEPHEN LANGDON; **Lists of Personal Names from the Temple School of Nippur.** By EDWARD CHIERA; **Sumerian Grammatical Texts.** By STEPHEN LANGDON. **The Epic of Gilgamesh.** By STEPHEN LANGDON. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Museum.

These four monographs are respectively Vol. X, No. 2-3; Vol. XI, No. 2, and Vol. XII, No. 1, of the "Publications of the Babylonian Section of the University of Pennsylvania Museum." They are all important contributions to Assyriology, especially to the linguistics and religion of the Sumerians. These ancient dwellers in Mesopotamia were not a Semitic folk; and spoke a language that, apart from a few borrowings, shows no kinship with Babylonian nor any evidence of Semitic origin. Sumerian is probably of the same family as Hungarian, Finnish, and Laplandish. From the twenty-fifth to the twenty-second century B. C., the Sumerians were at the zenith of their glory. The kings of Ur and of Isin were then deified. Hymns were composed to glorify these deified mortals, and to celebrate the advent of a Messianic age. Many of these hymns, called *sag-sal*, were discovered in the library of Nippur, and are now edited, transliterated, and translated by Dr. Langdon. They are of great worth in the history of religions, and show clear traces of the primitive revelation of a Messiah. Even the deification of kings seems due to a degeneration of the revelation, given to the human race in Adam, that the Seed of the Woman would vanquish the seed of the serpent. The great importance of Sumerian documents has recently been made popular by a controversy in the London press between Professor Jastrow of the University of Pennsylvania and Dr. Langdon, Reader in Assyriology in Oxford, wherein each branded the other as ignorant of Sumerian. Meantime we welcome Dr. Langdon's fragment of the South Babylonian tradition of the famous Epic of Gilgamesh; it contains 240 lines of the second book,

and shows another phase of the degeneration of primitive revelation outside the tradition of Scripture.

W. F. D.

On the Edge of the War Zone. From the Battle of the Marne to the Entrance of the Stars and Stripes. By MILDRED ALDRICH. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.25.

Those who enjoyed reading "A Hilltop on the Marne," one of the more notable books on the war, and favorably reviewed in AMERICA, will no doubt be eager to secure this continuation of Miss Aldrich's charming letters from La Creste to friends here. The scenes she describes in this volume are less stirring than those in the preceding, for the tide of battle has retired from her little cottage, and though the author could often hear the booming of the guns at Reims, she was left practically undisturbed for the next two years or more. The book is chiefly valuable for the vivid pictures it gives of France's indomitable spirit. To Mgr. Morbeau, the Bishop of Meaux, for example, Miss Aldrich pays this tribute:

No figure is so familiar in the picturesque old streets . . . as this tall, powerful-looking man in his *soutane* and *barrette*, with his air of authority, familiar yet dignified. He seems to know everyone by name, is all over the market, his keen eye seeing everything, as influential in the everyday life of his diocese as he is in its spiritual affairs. . . . I hear he was on the battlefield from the beginning, and that the first ambulances to reach Meaux found the seminary full of wounded picked up under his direction and cared for as well as his resources permitted.

Miss Aldrich's letters also describe the hardships she had to endure owing to the lack of fuel, the solace she found in a family of highly gifted kittens, and the excitement she experienced when troops were quartered in her little house. The volume is illustrated with photographs of a number of the people she tells about, and with striking pen-pictures of scenes she beheld.

W. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The October 22 number of the *Catholic Mind* is made up of two papers which those interested in apologetics will find very valuable. In "Joan of Arc's 'Catholic Persecutors'" Terence J. Connolly, S.J., examines the misleading notions of the Church's attitude to the Maid of Orleans which a widely exhibited photo-play gave the public during the past year. Catholic ecclesiastics were her staunchest defenders while she lived, and after her death it was the Church, of course, that first rehabilitated and subsequently beatified France's national heroine. The other article in the number is a discerning appreciation, by John C. Reville, S.J., of "James Balme," the great Spanish Catholic apologist of the early half of the nineteenth century. "Protestantism and Catholicism Compared in Their Effects on the Civilization of Europe" was written by Balme as a masterly answer to Guizot's misrepresentations, and Father Reville shows that it is still an apologetic work of the highest value.

The fifteen graceful little essays in Lisa Ysaye's "Inn of Disenchantment" (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.25), are made up chiefly of little chats between the Lady in Blue, who is a romanticist fond of illusions, and the Gentleman in Gray, who is a realist fond of dissipating them. He well remarks, for instance, in the essay entitled "Questions," that in childhood we keep asking "Why?" in youth "Why not?" in middle life "How?" and in old age "What for?" The paper on "Facts" is also full of profound truths. The author bids the reader:

Look back and see what is left to you from the passing years that ran like sand through your fingers. Facts? Actualities? Or the flavor of one or two unforgotten hours, the haunting melody of a little song, the perfume of roses dead forever, and a last glimmer of lights extinct? So true is this, that if you want to impress a fact on the human mind, you have to do it in terms of emotion. . . . Facts are dead, mechanical and uninteresting, and because they are dead they can be repeated a thousand times; you can do the same thing as often as you may want, but you can never feel the same emotion twice.

Another excellent essay in the book is "These Degenerate Days," in which the author shows that those who are really young still delight "in the true and simple things of life."

"Physics with Applications" (Allyn & Bacon), by Carhart and Chute, is a revision of the text for high-school grades by the same authors. The clear, simple definitions of the book, in language well adapted to the average pupil, are helped by italics and the frequent use of capitals for important words. The matter is thoroughly up to date, and the presentation is a distinct advance. The treatment of mechanics is quite striking, and should keep up the interest which is often lost at the very outset of physics by those who are unable to relish dry-bone principles. It is a revision which has enhanced the advantages of the former edition; the excellent photos and the applications drawn from the great war are features worthy of special mention. It is the best high-school physics the reviewer has seen, and teachers will like it.—"Laws of Physical Science" (Lippincott), by Edwin F. Northrup, Ph.D., has an undoubted utility. It is a handbook of fundamentals in the natural sciences. The subject-matter is more advanced than that of the ordinary "handbooks," and evidently has been prepared with much care, for the style is clear, and explanations are concise. The references show a wide knowledge of the best scientific literature, and the index is an excellent feature. It is a book for those who already know and wish to refresh a point. The title is inaccurate and is not saved by the preface. There is too much vagueness about the real meaning in science of "law" and "theory," and this book is one instance of it.

"Mental Antidotes for Many Ills" (Badger, \$1.00) by George R. Wood, an ex-Baptist minister, is a little book of prescriptions for such diseases of the soul as unhappiness, social discord, forebodings, and an unbalanced mind and failure. The remedies are in keeping with common-sense.—Clarence H. Wilson has written an attractive book of "Talks to Young People on Ethics" (Scribner's \$1.00). It aims to present the life of virtue as one of great adventure, with the hope of thus appealing to daring youth. The Catholic teacher will find this point of view, with its appeal to merely natural motives, quite inadequate. Father Conroy has done the thing much better. However, for those boys who are entirely ignorant of supernatural virtue the book will prove of value.—Rufus M. Jones' "St. Paul the Hero" (Macmillan, \$1.00) is an interesting, reverential and picturesque little sketch of the great Apostle's career which will appeal to youthful readers.—"Selections Moral and Religious from the works of John Ruskin, with Notes and Comments by Frederick W. Osborn, Professor Emeritus Adelphi College, Brooklyn" (Badger, \$1.00) is the complete title of a little volume which sets forth discerningly John Ruskin's value as a teacher of morals.

"Under Fire, the Story of a Squad" (Dutton, \$1.50), which Fitzwater Wray has well translated from the French of Henri Barbusse, describes the adventures a group of poilus had in the trenches. The book is modestly styled "the greatest of

all war books," but horror is piled on horror and the reader is scarcely spared a single grisly detail of what a modern battle means. If the plain speaking in such books as this will only bring home to comfortable war-propagandists what ruthless savagery and indescribable suffering characterize the present conflict and so will hasten the return of peace, "Under Fire" will not have been written in vain.—"The Clammer and the Submarine" (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.25), by William John Hopkins, is a story based on such side-lights of the present war as submarines in American waters and the visit of Joffre to our country. It is moderately interesting.—"Old Man Curry" (Doran, \$1.35), by Charles E. Van Loan, will be read with delight by anyone with a sense of humor and some knowledge of race-horses. Perhaps the stern moralist may lift an occasional eyebrow on examining Mr. Curry's ethical processes, and it is quite certain that some of this gentleman's Biblical quotations will not be found in any polyglot or polychrome edition.—"The Wages of Honor" (Scribner's, \$1.35), by Katharine Holland Brown, is a collection of short stories. The opening tale, which gives the name to the volume, revamps an old moral in a new and interesting way; the others, with the exception of "Brewster Blood," are commonplace and rather dull.

The action of "Webster Man's Man" (Doubleday, \$1.35), Peter B. Kyne's latest novel, takes place for the most part in the familiar field of revolutionary Latin America. John Stuart Webster, a breezy mining engineer with the gift of expression and a genius for adventure dominates the book. Dolores Ruey, his ultimate fate, certainly does not talk like the lady the author assures us she is. Other well-drawn characters in the story will interest and entertain readers who do not mind probabilities being considerably strained provided something exciting keeps happening.—Basil King's latest novel, "The High Heart" (Harper, \$1.50), is not equal to most of his former books. The autobiographical Alexandra Adare, the central figure of the story, is a nursery governess from Canada who becomes engaged to her employer's brother. He is disowned forthwith by the masterful head of the family and the conventional results follow. A well-worked-up episode in the story is the account of Alexandra's success in heading off a disgraceful elopement. The novel peters out weakly at the end, for the account of Strangeways' career is lacking in artistry.

Among the papers in the October *Month* is an appreciation of John Ayscough's novels by Father Lucas, "Socialism and the War," by Father Keating, "The New Thought Movement," by Father Thurston, and Father Pollen's proof that Simon Hunt, who taught the boy Shakespeare Latin in the village school of Stratford-on-Avon, subsequently became a Jesuit. In one of the poems in the number, Judith Carrington, after showing that none of the great women of the Old Testament "ran such a risk as she, The Spouse of God, the Mother of God, the Maid," ends with these stanzas:

Ah, but to hold Him close against her breast,
Ah, but to have Him playing round her knee,
To lift and lay Him down for noonday rest—
When others lifted she was there to see.
Ah, but to wash those baby hands and feet,
To fill His little porringer with care,
To feed Him sup by sup, the helpless sweet—
When others fed Him, helpless, she was there.
She shared His manhood's hope, she shared His loss:
She heard her deepest faith proclaimed a lie:
Unflinching, left the Cradle for the Cross:
She watched His childhood's sleep, she saw Him die.
Most prudent Virgin, warn His other lovers:
"Beware, our God is a consuming flame.
Know, from the wound He wounds with none recovers,
The Lion of Judah, whom no man may tame."

EDUCATION

Catechism in the Grades

A LITTLE girl, one of a large class, sat nervously erect, her feet dangling, her hands clenched tensely behind her, listening to an instruction on preparation for First Holy Communion.

"A child," said the teacher toward the end of her discourse, "not so old as you children, committed in one second a sin of thought. Immediately afterwards he died, and was cast into hell."

The little girl shuddered. She imagined herself in the sinful child's place. She felt sorry for him, particularly as she was convinced that he would have made his Confession had he been near a priest. Of any other way out of the trouble, she was quite unaware. No doubt when the teacher had spoken about the love of God, and the act of perfect contrition, the little girl had been inattentive. And so her little mind painfully grasped the truth, that in a second one could incur such guilt as would render one deserving of punishment in unquenchable flames for all eternity.

"A boy," continued the instructor, "made a sacrilegious First Communion. He was struck dead at the altar rail, and his soul went to hell."

The little girl almost cried aloud in horror, for she could see, not the boy, but herself, white-faced on her Communion day, in her new white dress and white veil, falling back lifeless upon the church floor, when the priest should place the Sacred Host upon her tongue.

FEAR AND LOVE

THE night after that instruction she did not go to sleep easily, as little girls should. Her head hurt because of the child in hell and because of the boy who had been struck dead at the altar rail. At length, she slept unrestfully, to wake screaming from a dream of huge, gray writhing monsters, driving down upon her. Tremblingly she stole out of her bed, and ran sobbing to her mother. Her mother attributed the nightmare to a late and indigestible supper. The little girl did not explain her tears. She knew, however, only too well, that she was afraid of God.

On the following morning began the retreat. Father Donald conducted it. When he spoke, his face lighted up with something that made the little girl fancy he must be a saint. She listened enthralled to his stories of the Sacred Life lived so long ago in Palestine. Once he talked about a mountain. Perhaps it was Mount Thabor, or the Mount of Olives, or Mount Calvary. But whatever it was, it connected itself, through some indefinable association, with two verses in her autograph album:

Aim at the highest virtue; 'tis false humility
To creep along the valley when the mountain calls for thee.

When Father Donald explained how, through love and good will, it was possible even for a mere child to serve God, to be one of His soldiers, to fight on His side, the little girl's heart throbbed and throbbed with the desire to be near the Divine Leader. The Kingdom of God suddenly became to her an unforgettable reality. "Thy Kingdom Come!" These words she said many times daily, as Father Donald had advised. Often, too, she would close her eyes and imagine herself trudging up the mountain, while far, far ahead of her, smiling back at her, and urging her to ascend, was the King. When this picture composed itself in her mind, she almost forgot sin and hell, and she forgot to be afraid of God. She only remembered that He loved her and that she loved Him, and that she wished to follow Him forever and ever.

In teaching catechism, whatever the methods employed, whether or not less emphasis should be placed upon the

evil side of life, more emphasis should unquestionably be placed upon lofty ideals, and upon the possibility, and even facility, not merely of avoiding wickedness but, by God's grace, of achieving good. To good as well as to evil, is human nature prone from its youth. A child grows to be that which is continually in its mind. If upon that mind are stamped only harrowing pictures of sin and hell, if the *tabula rasa* is inscribed only with words of doom, the child may, indeed, work out its salvation in fear and trembling, but it will be helpless to obey that other precept, "Rejoice in the Lord." If, on the other hand, the imagination of the child is filled with beautiful, ennobling pictures; if the boy is taught from his earliest years to "line up" as a soldier with Christ; if the little girl's awakening affection is tactfully directed toward the Son of God and His Blessed Mother; if boys and girls are reminded frequently that, far from being an unpleasant duty, it is "a great glory to follow the Lord"; if, in short, the catechism study is rendered less penitential, and more exhilarating than is customary, results will be proportionately consoling. At least, the flowers of such planting will be hope and aspiration, which are ever more desirable than depression.

A LESSON FROM NATURE

AS to the specific manner of sowing the seed, the sowers do not always agree. New methods in catechism spring up from time to time. The shred of a recollection of one such pedagogical novelty brings to mind a picture of plump little robins hopping about on the grass. Teddy, my six-year-old theological student, whose exterior semblance doth belie his soul's immensity, is to learn inferentially from the existence of the birdlings the existence of God. Subtly, cleverly, cautiously, I endeavor to lead Teddy from a consideration of the creature to a realization of the Creator. Teddy, listening, squints his round blue eyes at the care-free objects of our study and presses his lips together. He is thinking deeply. I am gratified.

"What are you thinking about, Teddy?"

Teddy glances up quickly. An overmastering idea has him in thrall. A "new-fledged hope" begins to "flutter in his breast."

"Now—now—can I *catch* one of them robins," he sputters, "if I put salt on his tail?"

At six, or even at ten, twelve, or fourteen, the vision through nature, up to nature's God, is apt to be slightly obscured. "Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own," and in their presence, be the occasion ever so solemn, to rise above the impulses of boyhood is hard. Much easier and more heartening is it when the teacher, in the circumscribed area of the classroom, sternly asks, "Who made you?" to shout out, loud and clear and with no distraction from fish or fowl, the wholly satisfying answer one has learned from the little blue catechism, "God made me." And when one is able to inform the teacher that "God is the Maker of heaven and of earth and of all things," one has a fuller apperception of the First Cause than if one had conscientiously observed the unnumbered descendants of every bird and beast that emerged from Noah's ark, at the subsidence of the great deluge.

THE MISLEADING GRAPHS

ANOTHER new method, also perhaps of dubious value, concerns itself with graphic representations of eternal truths. God, for example, is represented by a large circle drawn on the blackboard. Sanctifying grace is symbolized by little chalk marks depicting a long chain which connects the large circle with a smaller circle, that is, the soul. Mortal sin breaks a link in the chain. (The board eraser is employed to enforce this lesson.) The soul is thus separated from God. The

method may have merits. Certainly a graphic presentation of God, a picture of God would reach the child's mind more quickly, would impress it more permanently than an explanation of what God is. The main objection to the graphic system, however, is that it pictures God to the child as a circle, or as a triangle, or as some other concrete symbol which God is not.

That the system, on the other hand, is a treasure-trove to the teacher there is no denying. It interests the children. It entertains them. It has all the charm of the contemporaneous, the charm that attaches to "language" as a substitute for grammar, and to "phonetics" as a substitute for mere spelling. But what brain-fagged instructor in college English does not lament the departure of those days when boys and girls in the grades "learned by heart" the definitions of the compound and complex sentence and the rule for doubling a final consonant before adding to a word a syllable beginning with a vowel? And what pastor, wearied out with explaining the ecclesiastical precepts to the headstrong young men and women of his fold, does not long for the return of that method which forced the pupil to repeat almost every morning that injunction of Mother Church, "Not to marry persons who are not Catholics, or who are related to us within the fourth degree of kindred, nor privately without witnesses, nor to solemnize marriage at forbidden times?"

Assuredly, that old method had palmary advantages. Some of them will be discussed in our next.

College of St. Elizabeth, N. J.

A SISTER OF CHARITY.

SOCIOLOGY

Construction and "Camouflage"

BY favor of the correspondence page of this review, one C. Connolly rose up a few weeks ago, to exercise what Henry Watterson has called the free and untrammelled right of every American citizen to prove that he is blood-brother to the *equus asinus*. C. Connolly buzzes like a stirred-up hornet's nest over what he calls a fateful "conspiracy of silence," in which Catholics have "always been participants." He also views with alarm and with wild regret, the action of sundry "cardinals and other clergy," who have urged the Faithful to contribute to the Knights of Columbus and the Red Cross funds, while "who," he asks plaintively, "has gathered one dollar in any Church to save a girl's soul from a life too horrible to contemplate?" This is rather a large question; happily it is answered by C. Connolly himself, who says that no one has, except a "noble body of women who have recently banded themselves together." I may be mistaken, but I think that these ladies gathered their dollars not in a church, but through the columns of an enterprising New York newspaper; however that may be, I am willing to admit that none of them were Catholics.

AN AUDIBLE CONSPIRACY

THE "conspiracy of silence" refers to the social evil. C. Connolly ought to be satisfied, for this conspiracy has of late been given as much publicity as a three-ring circus in a country village. The head of the noble band in question daily contributes a column or so to a New York newspaper, which prints just short of a million copies whenever it goes to press. That is making a "conspiracy of silence" fairly audible. A quarterly, edited in New York, treats no other subject; the same is true of a bulletin issued twice a month; few sociological journals are complete without some reference to the matter; and within the last ten years, nearly every large American city has published the results of its "investigations." Historians trace the sordid subject back to early ages; theologians, moralists, political economists, are well acquainted with it. As far

as I know, it has never been suppressed by any "conspiracy of silence." Complete information on its current features has always been accessible to all who had any right to know anything about it, as well as to too many who were led on simply by hurtful curiosity. The subject is particularly in the open today, when it has been certified as a proper topic for discussion in grammar schools and at the dinner-table, as well as in university lecture-halls; and the backrooms of gin-mills in the slums. On this, as on other evils upon which the spot-light has been thrown by enterprising publishers, for the delectation of morbid curiosity, there has been talk and to spare. Talk is cheap as well as ineffective. Perhaps that explains why, on the list submitted by C. Connolly, there are no Catholics.

BENEATH THE SURFACE

CARDINAL NEWMAN explains the Church's ordinary program in his contrast between Savonarola, the fearless preacher of Florence, and the gentle Saint of Rome, St. Philip Neri. Who does not sympathize with the friar in his fierce denunciation of the evils of his day, and through the smoke that arises from the holocaust of a city's instruments of sin, hopefully look for the dawn of a new era of civic righteousness? Yet it was not Savonarola with his knotted scourge, but Philip Neri, preaching the doctrine of personal reform and sanctification through prayer and the Sacraments, who exemplified the more excellent way of regenerating a community. The Lord is not always in the whirlwind. Only in Dickens is evil overcome by some Nicholas Nickleby, youthful and valiant, who warms the cockles of our hearts by triumphantly hurling the tyrannical Squeers to the ground. But the schoolmaster resumed his nefarious operations when Nicholas walked out, and, in fact, never experienced a change of heart. The big stick and the bonfire rarely convert; except in the ring, the fist to the point of the jaw is a poor argument.

The truth seems to be, that while the rod must be laid mightily from time to time across the back of flaunting iniquity, it is the gentle nun who in her cloister lifts up white hands of prayer to Heaven, and souls like her, that speak of real victories in the warfare against iniquity. The Kingdom of God is established among men, not by societies for the promotion of this and the prevention of that, but, primarily, by the acceptance of the Gospel, given into the keeping of that perfect society, the Church. In so far as knowingly or unconsciously they are in conformity with the mind of the Church, but only under that supposition, do these associations serve a good purpose, and in this case they should, and generally do, receive the hearty co-operation of Catholics. Otherwise their efforts to check the social or any other moral evil are, at best, as futile as the attempt to cure a cancer by carefully dusting it with Mennen's violet talcum powder, and at their worst, like vitriol in an open wound.

THE REAL FACTORS

A CATHOLIC our critic may be, but not a Catholic in touch with Catholic tradition and Catholic practice. Social reform is not a matter of Billy Sundays, backed by committees and advertising space. It is a moral question, and the solution begins, not with the signing of a contract with a press-agent, but with the moral reconstruction of the individual. Men are not saved or condemned in masses; neither can they be kicked up the ladder that leads to godliness, or find salvation in a handshake at the end of the sawdust trail. If they cannot be induced to ascend of their own record, by a renewal of the interior life, brought about by personal cooperation with the grace of God, they will never rise. It is the Catholic Church alone that

preaches a gospel of restraint in a day which glorifies liberty in all things; and, whatever the optimists may profess, in a being made up of body and soul, without self-denial there can be no such thing as personal purity. Through the teachings of the Gospel, she holds up positive ideals; in prayer and the Sacraments, she gives practical means of translating these ideals into life. Does C. Connolly know what a truly Catholic home is? Or has he ever made himself acquainted with a Catholic school? In these sanctuaries, second only in holiness to precincts hallowed by Christ's sacramental presence, are nurtured the forces that in the end will conquer evil and renew a broken world in Christ. Or has he never gone into any Catholic church of a Saturday afternoon where

the only sound was the occasional footfall of an unseen suppliant, and on the distant high altar, shimmering and white at the end of the long perspective of the empty aisle, there rested the power she believed more powerful than all on earth beside. She made her confession . . . and at its end she received not only the benediction that she traced to Heaven, but the shrewd advice that came direct from the big heart of a worldly-wise and beneficent man. "Thank you, Father," she added to the words of the ritual, as she rose to go, "I'll do me best to stick it out, but times be when it's powerful hard." The experience had encouraged her. . . .

And a similar experience has encouraged thousands of other girls to pass as Una, innocent and unafraid, through a world of cunning and iniquity. Yet when, and O, the pity of it! wickedness has worked its way, there are those sanctuaries in which the revivifying love of Christ for the lost sheep is given visible expression, the Houses of the Good Shepherd.

CATHOLIC APATHY

AT this point, for the first time, I begin to feel myself in sympathy with C. Connolly. "We are apathetic," says the critic. Touching the parochial schools, it is hardly true to say that we are "apathetic"; but we have scant reason for self-congratulation as long as more than half of our children are in schools that either flout the name of Jesus Christ, or are ashamed, or afraid, or too indifferent, to acknowledge Him. Possibly the parents of these unhappy children are working by day and toiling by night to counteract the influence of this godless education; but I advance the proposition with some doubt. Few acts entail graver consequences than that so easily assumed by the pseudo-Catholic parent who deprives the child of the right to a Christian education; and these consequences will be felt in after years, first by the individual, then by the community. The greatest constructive force at work today among our young people, exercising an influence that will make them law-abiding citizens, because of their training in religion, is the parochial school. To weaken that influence is to deprive the State of a defense of incalculable value. Had C. Connolly raised a protesting voice in favor of our schools, and of such reconstructive factors as Christianity reduced to practice in the Houses of the Good Shepherd, I would gladly have sung second, and made the strain a duet.

CATHOLIC SNOBBERY

CANON SHEEHAN says somewhere that in these homes the teachings of Jesus Christ are given their most perfect interpretation. They reconstruct, not by ignoring sin, but by teaching repentance, and by supplying a motive for a new life. Today in many cities their work is impeded by bigots who find the Cross a scandal, by "uplifters" who will uplift anything, if the process holds out a financial recompense, and by sciolists who prefer the 'cottage system' to Christianity. Among their other foes are Catholics who, seeking the favor of social and

financial barons, patronize whatever uplift society will give a *quid* of advertising in return for the *quo* of a donation. Surely, there is something rotten in the inner state of Catholics, who pass by our own efficient works, to tail in with the procession that begins in the office of a trust company, and ends in a social cult.

The Catholic's neglect to call attention to the "conspiracy of silence," by beating a tom-tom at Forty-second and Broadway, is of little consequence. That corner is always crowded. His neglect of the parochial school, and of such reconstructive powers as Houses of the Good Shepherd, may become a matter of serious consequence, both to the Church and to the community.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Ministers and Mates Together

CONGREGATIONALISM is progressing very fast in England. The London *Tablet* offers the following interesting items taken from the *Daily News*:

At King's Weigh House Church, Duke Street, Oxford Street, last evening, Mr. Claud Coltman, M.A., and Miss Constance Todd, B.D., were ordained as Congregational ministers. The ceremony was remarkable in that both a man and a woman were ordained at the same service, and additional interest was provided by the fact that they are to be married this morning.

Perfectly lovely! But what of St. Paul's "Suffer not a woman to teach"?

Eucharistic Peace Volunteers

THE *Lamp* has conceived the excellent idea of raising a Regiment of Eucharistic Volunteers, pledging themselves to receive Holy Communion frequently and to pray for peace. The daily communicants are called "volunteers" and the companies of weekly communicants, who find it impossible to receive Our Divine Lord each day, are known as "auxiliaries." In an editorial written in the earlier part of the year and suggesting daily Communion for peace, the *Lamp* wrote:

How can the Catholics of this great nation more certainly and infallibly move to mercy and compassion God the Father Almighty than by crowding the tribunal of penance and flocking to Holy Communion daily in every individual case where that is possible, and weekly in those instances where daily reception is beyond their power.

This idea will not conflict with the novena for peace, and might well be taken up in our parishes and schools. The novena itself might be made a novena of daily Communions as well as of prayers wherever this is possible.

A Great Benefactress of the Church

THE death of Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan, noted for her extensive Catholic charities, took place October 17 at Suffern, N. Y. She had cherished a great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, which found its practical expression in the erection of Catholic churches and chapels throughout a large section of the United States, from North Dakota to Texas and from New York to Virginia. She was likewise instrumental in establishing at Washington, D. C., the Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration. Educational institutions, hospitals and other works of charity were remembered in her benefactions. It is impossible to discover the number of buildings erected, bought or reconstructed by her, whether Catholic churches, chapels, hospitals or schools, and how many she supported or made self-supporting. Mr. Ryan, too, has been most generous in his donations. A gift of

\$1,000,000 is said to have built the Cathedral at Richmond, and a gift of \$1,000,000, recently made by him, erected the Church of St. Jean Baptiste at New York. Among the notable benefactions of Mrs. Ryan are the school and hospital for the Sisters of Charity, Richmond; St. Thomas Church, Plymouth, Va.; St. Michael's Church, Danville, Va.; St. Agnes' Church, Fall Church, Va.; Ryan Hall, Georgetown University; Church of the Sacred Heart, Suffern, N. Y.; Hospital for the Sisters of Charity, New York City; fifteen chapels in Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma; altars and windows in a score or more of churches in New York City; rooms in many hospitals for special purposes, and more than one hundred other chapels, schools, hospitals and homes for children and the infirm. A chapel was likewise erected by her at the Jesuit novitiate of St. Andrew-on-Hudson. Here, therefore, was a wealthy Catholic who gave freely of her wealth, and generously devoted all her donations to entirely Catholic interests. She was a practical business woman, who did not build for display, but knew her purpose and skilfully adapted her work to the special need that had attracted her attention. She is said never to have given her name to public subscriptions, but desired that it should not be mentioned in connection with the deserving charities to which she contributed. Hence the impossibility of ascertaining the full extent of her donations. In one point, particularly, her example can be imitated by all Catholics, whether rich or poor, in that they bestow upon Catholic interests the alms they are enabled to give. The special honors conferred upon her by Rome were well deserved.

Bishop Beaven's Jubilee

ON October 18, the Rt. Rev. Thomas D. Beaven, D.D., Bishop of Springfield, observed the silver jubilee of his consecration. In a modest letter of greeting he sent to his clergy, religious and laity, he gives interesting statistics of the growth of the see since its erection in 1870. There were 43 priests in the diocese then, now there are more than 400. There were scarcely a dozen Sisters then, but there are now more than 1,200. Against some 45 parishes in 1870, they now number at least 200, and the Catholic population of the diocese has increased during those 47 years from 80,000 to more than 300,000. The special object of Bishop Beaven's zeal has been the equipment of his diocese with all kinds of charitable and educational institutions. He has established homes for the aged, and for orphans, excellent hospitals and sanatoriums have been erected, working girls have homes provided for them and there is also a House of the Good Shepherd in the diocese. These "institutions are completely unlimbered of burdens," the Bishop reports, "with only exceptions that suggest not even a passing disturbance." The Springfield diocese is also fully equipped with institutions for the Catholic education of its children and young people. There are 30,000 boys and girls in its parish schools, and Bishop Beaven's zeal for higher education is shown, to give but one instance, by his erection of Beaven Hall at Holy Cross College. It was his wish that there should be no diocesan celebration of the jubilee. Only "offerings of prayer and devotional practices in thanksgiving" for all the spiritual and temporal blessings the diocese of Springfield has enjoyed during the past twenty-five years. AMERICA unites with Bishop Beaven's countless friends in wishing him and his diocese many more years of even greater blessings.

Is Esperanto a Failure?

CONSIDERABLE attention has of late been given to the Esperanto language. The recent death of Zamenhof, its inventor, naturally called forth many discussions, favorable and

unfavorable, in the daily press. The Rochester *Post Express* believes that Esperanto, the first and most successful of artificial languages, has clearly demonstrated the fact that "No such made-to-order tongues have any important uses in the world." Jargons like Hindustani and Yiddish, it admits, serve a purpose, but deliberate attempts at language manufacture are a failure.

Languages grow, and there is about as much difference between a natural tree and an imitation tree as there is between English and any of the invented tongues. All of them without exception, Esperanto, Ido which attempted to improve upon it, Volapuk, Bolak, Ro and the rest of them, are inherently, incurably crude and grotesque. The noblest passage in the literature of any people is a joke when rewritten in any one of these gibberish tongues. All the glorious past of words, their associations, suggestions, their beauty and romance are lost in these hodgepodge, dog-Latin languages. The Lord's Prayer, a Milton sonnet, a Burns song lose as much by reproduction into Esperanto as the forests would lose if all their boles and branches were made straight and their infinite diversity of leafage reduced to round, square and triangular forms.

On the other hand there is a letter by Joseph Silbernig, New York delegate of the Universal Esperanto Association, which appeared in the New York *Sun* and indicates without any doubt that Esperanto is at all events not a "dead issue." It tells of the Esperanto movement in France and suggests the consultation of a Parisian telephone directory.

Nearly half a column of this mystic book is devoted to Esperanto groups, Esperanto classes, Esperanto clubs, Esperanto societies, Esperanto periodicals, Esperanto institutes, Esperanto Gospels and Esperanto Catholic prayer books. There are Esperanto lead pencils, Esperanto stationery, Esperanto watches, and last but by no means least Esperanto whisky, called *viskio*.

Esperanto, the writer continues, counts among its devoted promoters the Archbishop of Paris, who presided in person at two Catholic international Esperanto congresses, both held at the Catholic University of Paris and to both of which the Pope sent his blessing. The "awful Esperanto virus" has attacked one "immortal" and several Senators, while shortly before the outbreak of the war there were forty Esperantists in the Chamber of Deputies. Worse than that, "it attacked Rollet de l'Isle, the chief engineer of the French navy, who—if you have tears, prepare to shed them now—has been afflicted by the Esperanto virus to such an extent as to become the secretary of the *Scienca Asocio*." He is likewise assistant editor of the *Scienca Gazeto*, the Esperanto organ, to which General Sebert, member of the French Academy of Science, is a regular contributor. Even the hardheaded mathematician, Professor Charles Bourlet, whose text-books are used in the French academies to the exclusion of all others, was not proof "against the bacillus of this silly cult."

Of course after seeing the havoc played by Esperanto in the ranks of the matter-of-fact scientists, what chance had mere litterateurs? So publicists, novelists and playwrights just caved in at the first whiff, the worst victims having been poor Tristan Bernard, poor Abel Hermant and poor, poor Alexandre Hepp, who, before the war, assisted by a hundred or so of other victims used to be let loose once a month in the Sorbonne, and used to make the nights hideous with their Esperanto ravings.

So the Esperantist delegate blithely proceeds with his clever defense and shows how the virus crossed the Atlantic and attacked such men as Dr. D. O. S. Lowell, headmaster of the Roxbury Latin School; Henry W. Fisher, superintending engineer of the Standard Underground Cable Company; Dr. Frederick G. Cottrell, chief metallurgist, Bureau of Mines, and other "weaklings." He has proved his point, that Esperanto is not an abandoned cause, but has its banners and its lances in the field.